





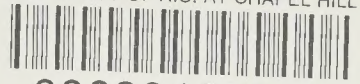
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## SONGS AND RHYMES FROM THE SOUTH

BY E. C. PERROW

THE region of the southern Appalachian Mountains, embracing the southwestern portion of Virginia, eastern Kentucky, western North Carolina, East Tennessee, and the northern portions of Georgia and Alabama, constitutes a country which, though divided among several States, is indeed a unit with regard both to the country and to the character of its people. The relative inaccessibility of the country, as compared with the surrounding territory, has until very recently kept back the tide of progress, which, sweeping around this region, has shut up there a strange survival of a civilization of three hundred years ago.

The most striking thing to be observed about the Southern people to-day is, I think, their extreme conservatism with regard to their customs, their manners, and their habits of thought; for the Southern people brought with them from Europe many Middle-Age traditions which their manner of life has tended to conserve. Their settlement in the plain country, on large and comparatively isolated plantations, the coming-in of the slave relation (essentially feudal in its nature), and the complete absence of immigration during recent years, have all tended to keep alive a form of civilization long outgrown by other divisions of the country.

In the mountain region to which I have referred the conditions have been especially such as might be expected to preserve primitive ideals. At an early date after the settlement of eastern Virginia and North Carolina the more adventurous spirits began to thread their way through the mountain-defiles of what was then the unknown West, and to build their cabins along the creeks that broke from that labyrinth of mountain and forest. They were rough; but many of them were worthy, honest-hearted people. Among them were not a few Scotch-Irish, who brought with them, besides their Scottish names and many Scottish words, their native sturdiness of character and love of liberty. Others there were, no doubt, of more questionable condition, — men who had been outlawed in Virginia and North Carolina and had sought refuge in these fastnesses; men who loved fighting better than work, and freedom better than the restraints of the law.

Since their settlement in this region, there have been few enough influences brought to bear to keep this isolated people in line with the growth of the outside world. For a long time commerce left the territory unexploited: "What sholde it han avayled to werreye?



Ther lay no profit, ther was no richesse." The rude log cabin of the mountaineer, with its stone-stick-and-mud chimney; the bit of truck garden near the house, tilled by the women-folk; the hillside, with its scant cover of Indian-corn, with now and then a creek-bottom in which weed and crop struggle on equal terms for the mastery; the cold, clear limestone water breaking from the foot of the ridges; the noisy trout stream, now clear as glass, now swollen by the almost daily thunder-storm; the bold knobs rising steep from the valleys and covered with blackberries or huckleberries; and in the background wave after wave of mountain forest, with its squirrel, wild geese, 'possum, coon, "painter," rattlesnakes, and an occasional bear, — these constituted the wealth of the country. Of course, the summer-resort found its place among us. Thither come, summer after summer, the "quality" to drink the far-famed mineral waters. A few are momentarily interested in the dialect and habits of the people, and some return to the outside world to write stories of the mountains more or less true to the characters with which they deal.<sup>1</sup> But such visitors leave no impression on the people. Railroads have forced their way through these regions, but their influences have touched the people only superficially — given them something to sing about, or possibly caused some of those living near the stations to take up the custom of wearing collars instead of the standard red handkerchief. The man back in the ridges, however, they have left unchanged.

The dialect of this people marks them as belonging to another age. Uninfluenced by books, the language has developed according to its own sweet will, so that certain forms have become standard alike for the unlettered and the better educated. Here *holp* is the preterite for *help*, *sont* for *sent*, *fotch* for *fetch*, *dove* for *dive*, *crope* for *creep*, *drug* for *drag*, *seen* for *see* (sometimes *see*, cf. Gower's *sigh*), *taken* for *take*. Many old forms persist. Many old words appear, such as, *lay* (verb

<sup>1</sup> The stories of Craddock are untrue as to dialect, and show, I think, an over-idealization of character. Her work has been, though, of great value in awakening an interest in the country of which she writes. Moonshining, of which Craddock made so much in her stories, has now about ceased in these mountains. It is less risky to buy cheap "rot-gut" from the licensed purveyors in Middlesboro, Ky., although for the consumer it is much less wholesome than the purer moonshine. The novels of Fox are interesting; but to me, at least, the atmosphere is far from convincing. The pictures drawn by Opie Reed are, I think, much nearer the truth. Better still are the sketches of Charles Forster Smith (Nashville, 1908); though both he and Craddock are wrong, I think, in what they say about the sadness of the women. Serious they are always, but to call their lives unhappy is a kind of pathetic fallacy. Their lot is simple, but they love their homes and even the monotony of their daily lives. The best single article I have seen about these people is that by Adeline Moffett (*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. iv, p. 314). For interesting lists of dialect words, see Professor Smith's articles in *Transactions of the American Philological Association* for 1883 and 1886, and in *The Southern Bivouac* for November, 1885. Many interesting words have also been reported to *Dialect Notes* from various parts of the South, most of which are current in East Tennessee.



*wager*), *start-naked*, *sned*, *larn* (*teach*), *find* (*furnish*), *outfavor* (to be better looking than), *frail* (*thrash*), *ferninst* (apparently a corruption of *anent*), *piggin* (a small wooden vessel with one handle), *noggin* (such a vessel with no handle), *poke-supper* (at which the food is served from pokes), *buck* (*to bend*), *smidgin*, and *hobberod* (cf. AS. *hobbe*).

The idea of compounding words is still alive among this people. We hear *stove-room* (for *kitchen*), *widder-man*, *home-house*, and *engineer-man*. Suffixes are still alive: we hear such formations as *pushency*, *botherment*, and even *footback*.

There are some peculiar words and usages. *Several* means "a large number:" "There are several blackberries this year." *Themirs* is equivalent to *young chickens*. When one is proficient in anything, he is said to be a *cat* on that thing: "She is a cat on bread." *Proud* means *happy*. *Ficety* is an adjective applied to one who is "too big for his breeches."

The pronunciation seems to be old. *Oi* has invariably the older sound of *ai* in *aisle*; so in *roil*, *poison*, *coil* [*kwail*], etc. The diphthong *ou* has, not the later sound of  $\text{ə}^1$  plus *uu* (as in the speech of the Virginians and in what I take to be the speech of the Englishman), but the older sound of *a* plus *uu*, with usually another vowel introduced before, making a triphthong *e* plus *a* plus *u*. Again, the diphthong represented in such words as *light*, *wife*, *wipe*, by the spelling *i*, has not, as in the speech of the Virginians and in that of the Englishmen (cf. Murray's Dictionary), the sound  $\text{ə}$  plus *i*, but the older *a* plus *i*.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup>  $\text{ə}$  = vowel in *but*.

<sup>2</sup> In the dialect of my own family (Piedmont, Va.) the spelling *au*, *ow*, is pronounced *a* plus *u* in an unclosed syllable, before a voiced consonant, and before *l*, *m*, *n*, and *r*; so, *now* [*nau*], *thou*, *loud*, *mouth* (verb), *gouge*, *foul*, *sound*, *town*, *our*, *tousle*, *souse* (verb). But before a voiceless consonant the spelling *au*, *ow*, is pronounced as  $\text{ə}$  plus *u*; so, *louse* [*lause*] (contrast *lousy*), *lout* (contrast *loud*), *mouth* (contrast the verb). The diphthong represented by the spelling *i*, *y*, is pronounced *a* plus *i* in unclosed syllables, before voiced consonants, and before *l*, *m*, *n*, and *r*; so, *tribe* [*traib*], *ride*, *writhe*, "Tige," *oblige*, *mile*, *time*, *wine*, *wire*, *wise*, *rive*. But before voiceless consonants the pronunciation is  $\text{ə}$  plus *i*; so, *wife* [*wiife*] (contrast *wives*), *like*, *wipe*, *vise* and *rice*, *site*, "Smythe." These rules hold also for New England, as far as I can judge. Sweet represents the first element of the spelling *au*, *ow*, as being in modern English the *low-mixed-wide*, which is probably the sound I hear in the Virginia *house* [*həus*]. The Englishman, it seems to me, has let his diphthong slip forward for practically all the words spelled *au*, *ow*. The same tendency is observable in eastern Virginia, where one hears *cow* [*kəu*], *our* [*əuə*], and the plural *houses* [*həuzez*]. I think this is because eastern Virginia has been more closely in touch with the mother country and the developments there. But in Tennessee, and in all that part of the South which has not been in constant intercourse with the mother country, all the *au*, *ow*, words are pronounced with a diphthong made up of the *mid-back-wide* plus the *high-back-wide-round*. (It must be remembered that these sounds, both in Virginia and Tennessee, are often modified by the introduction before them of an *e* sound, the *mid-front-narrow*; so that with many we have the triphthongs, [*əau*] in Tennessee, and [*eəu*] in Virginia.) Murray's Dictionary records that in England the diphthong represented by the spelling *i*, *y*, is in almost all English words the *mixed* vowel plus the *high-front-narrow*; so, *time* [*təim*], etc.



Further, the *r*, now reduced to a mere vocal murmur in the standard pronunciation of the English, is heard here with all the snarl that it could have possessed in the time of Ben Jonson.<sup>1</sup>

Certain customs, too, mark this people as of another age. The practice of giving nicknames is universal among them. No boy grows up without being called by something other than the name his parents gave him. Sometimes the nickname of the father will become a patronymic, and serve as a surname for the children. Some peculiarity of personal appearance, speech, or habit, or some action in which the man has been involved, usually serves as a basis for the nickname.

The custom of feasting at funerals still obtains. When a death occurs, all the neighborhood gather at the house of the deceased. There they "sit up" with the body day and night for several days, and eat the "funeral baked meats" that the family of the departed one are expected to prepare.

The people are for the most part rather superstitious. Almost every affair of life is regulated in accordance with the sign of the moon. Scarcely any one will dig a well without consulting a water-witch, who with his peach-tree fork, together with a good supply of native judgment, usually succeeds in locating a stream. The belief in "hants" is universal here. I know one man who, professing to communicate with the dead, keeps the whole neighborhood in terror. Old women gather "yarbs" and practise medicine. Charms are used to heal diseases in man and beast, and sick children are brought many miles to be breathed upon by a seventh son or by one who has never seen his father.

A remarkable degree of honesty obtains among the mountain folk. I was among them for over twenty years, and yet I never heard of a burglary in the county in which I lived. Indeed, I heard of very little stealing. People do not lock their corn-cribs or chicken-houses. Boats on the river are common property. Any one may use a boat, but he is expected to bring it back to the place from which he took it. I had a neighbor who was sent to jail for a term as a punishment for destroying a "neighbor's landmark." The jailer allowed him to return home on Saturday night and spend Sunday with his family. On Monday morning he was always promptly back at his work. He never thought of running away. There is maintained, too, a very high standard of sexual relations. Now and then there are relations of this kind between young folk; but it is almost invariably the outcome of a pure and genuine love, and the boy almost invariably stands by the girl and marries her. No one thinks less of either therefor; and the child of such a relation, even though born out of wedlock, is

<sup>1</sup> For an excellent treatment of the southern *r*, see the *Louisiana State University Bulletin*, February, 1910.



never made to feel that there is any stain on his name. Should the boy fail to stand by the girl, he would have to choose "Texas or hell," the choice being forced both by public sentiment and the accuracy of what rifles the girl's family could put in the field.

One of the most interesting survivals is the mountaineer's idea of law. His conception is pre-eminently the Germanic. With him it is not an affair of the State, such as may be modified by legislators in distant Nashville: it is something personal, something belonging to his family, a heritage that cannot be alienated; and the guaranty of these unwritten rights is neither sheriff nor governor, but his own right arm. To him the courts are an impertinence. No one could appreciate better than he the feeling of Robin Hood toward the high sheriff of Nottingham.

There is a considerable amount of shooting going on in this country all the time, though formerly there was more than there is now. On one occasion a generation ago, nine men, I am told, were hanged at one time in the county in which I was reared. The ninth man to ascend the scaffold coolly remarked that "it seemed the sign was in the neck that week." There was a tavern at no great distance from where I lived, at which fifty-seven men had been killed. During the last summer that I spent in my county, four men on the "yan side er Clinch" shot one another to pieces with Winchester rifles, the wife of one of the combatants standing by her husband, and handing him ammunition until he fell. The man who brought across the news to us had little to say about the men, but remarked that it was a pity to see lying there a fine horse which had been killed by a stray shot. These are men of war from their youth. The training with "shootin'-irons" begins with childhood; and the boy of twelve is often, in marksmanship, the match for an experienced man.

But while outlawry there is not so common as it once was, the people still admire it, and will sit for hours telling stories of men who have defied the courts. Many are the prose sagas told there of men like Macajah Harp, Bill Fugate,<sup>1</sup> Bloof Bundrant, and Harvey Logan. Nor do I think this admiration for the outlaw is anything abnormal. It is only another expression of admiration for bravery, whether rightly

<sup>1</sup> I have a friend in Grainger County who takes great pride in the fact that he "run" with Bill Fugate. He tells many stories of this outlaw. One will bear repeating here. The sheriff sent Fugate word that he was coming for him. Fugate sent him word that if he did, he had better bring a "wagin" with which to haul back his own dead body; if, however, the sheriff were anxious to see him, he would come to the next session of his own accord. At the appointed time Fugate came, took his seat in the prisoner's box, and awaited the completion of his trial. He was found guilty, and the judge pronounced the sentence. The sheriff came over to take charge of the prisoner; but that individual promptly covered the sheriff with two pistols, told the crowd that if all remained quiet, none should be hurt, backed out of the room, sprang on his horse, and rode back to the mountains.



or wrongly exerted. The stories of Hereward, Fulk Fitz Warine, Robin Hood, Grisli, Grettir, Wolf, Wilhelm Tell, Eustace, and Francisco are just such expressions as have come from earlier periods of the English, Scandinavian, German, French, and Spanish peoples. Even to-day the story of crime still holds its place in the bookstalls; and we all, old and young, like still to see a criminal die game.

One other characteristic of this folk must not be forgotten: they sing constantly. If, on almost any "pretty day," you should walk along a country road in East Tennessee, you could listen to the ploughman singing or whistling in the fields, while across the neighboring creek there would come the song of the barefoot country girl as she helped her mother hang out the washing or "pack water" from the spring. If you should pass a group of men who, having been "warned" to work the road, were "putting in their time" on the highway, you would hear them continually breaking into song as they swung the pick, handled the shovel, or drove the steel drill into some projecting rock. On the porch of the cross-roads store you would find a party of idle boys and men, who, if not eager listeners to some rude banjo minstrel's song, would be singing in concert, now a fragment of some hymn, and at the next moment some song of baldest ribaldry. If your visit to this country happened to be at the proper time of the week, you might be able some night to attend a "singin'." You would find the young folk gathered at the "meetin'-house," or still more probably at the home of one member of the "class." The songs which they have gathered to practise are of the Sunday-school variety, such as have been introduced by the singing-school teacher.<sup>1</sup> In this gathering nearly every one has a book and reads his music. I have known people who, although they can scarcely read a word of English, read music well. You are not to be surprised, too, if you hear some very good singing, only it is fearfully loud, each singing at the top of his voice, while the song is invariably "entuned in the nose." They often mispronounce the words, and still oftener have no idea as to what the words mean, but that does not matter: the song goes on. After the

<sup>1</sup> This teacher, called the "perfesser" (a title given in the South to all male teachers), teaches ten days for ten dollars, and "boards around" with his "scholars." He is a representative of what was once the travelling minstrel. Not only is he the final authority on all matters musical, and the high priest of religious music, but he also, from time to time, essays the composition of both poetry and music, and teaches the folk to sing his songs. Professor Beatty published recently in the *Journal of American Folk-Lore* (vol. xxii, p. 71) a song based on the New Market wreck. I heard last summer another song composed on this same occurrence by one of these travelling minstrels. I have also in mind a song that the teacher who "learned" me the "rudiments" composed and had us sing at the farewell session of his school. Besides the fact that the singing-master is the custodian of all religious music, he also assumes many of the functions of the preacher. Teaching in the churches and drawing his patronage from the members, he finds it necessary also to "talk;" and so it is the usual thing to hear religious exhortation mixed with instruction in music.



singing is over, the young folk make their way home, usually singing all the way. The boys who have not a "swing" amuse themselves by firing their pistols (the *togae viriles* of the mountain boy) in proud contempt of the sheriff and all that with him ever be.

I call attention to this religious singing because it is one of the directions that the popular love of music has taken. The Church has often, consciously or unconsciously, been the greatest foe to the preservation of popular tradition. These songs, learned at Sunday-school, take the place of all others; and it is mostly these that, on the next day, occupy the girl as she "battles" the clothes, and the boy as he chops out the "crap."

But as strong as is the grip of the Church, back in the coves and hollows the spirit of mirth still dwells in other than idle brains. At "Square" Murray's, near the head of Wildcat, there is pretty sure to be, before many weeks pass, a "quiltin'," a "house-raisin'," a "workin'," a "watermelon-cuttin'," a "candy-pullin'," or a "pea-hullin'." At the last named the tedious task of shelling the summer's crop of peas is made even a pleasure, for the happy thought of the hostess has seated the young folk two by two on the sand-scoured floor in front of a great backlog fire, now roaring, in the wide-throated chimney, against the wind and the frost outside. About eleven o'clock the floor is cleared of hulls, the banjo and the fiddle are brought in, and some of the young folk are soon dancing to the time of "Rabbit in the Pea-Patch," "I Love Somebody," "The Arkansaw Traveller," "Old Folks better go to Bed," "The Devil's Dance," "Fire in the Mountain," or some other characteristic mountain melody. I said "some of the young folk" designedly; for not all are bold enough to risk the anathema of the circuit-rider backed by the entire body of the Church. In fact, the parents of many of these young people allow them to come to this merry-making only on condition that they do not dance. But these young church members are ingenious. They propose a game of "Skip-to-my-loo," "Weavilly-Wheat," "Shoot-the-Buffalo," or some other equally innocent form of moving to the time of music. Here, of course, the fiddle is left out, and the "players" sing for an accompaniment to their "play." This, as everybody knows, is not dancing, this is "Skip-to-my-loo;" and yet by this name it seems as sweet to these thoughtless ones as the forbidden pleasure itself, while they have the added assurance that it leaves neither soil nor cautel to besmirch the virtue of their church records.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Dancing is considered by the religiously inclined as one of the most damning of sins. It seems to derive its wickedness from the instrument which accompanies it. An instrument of music is considered the especial property of the Devil. Not many churches will allow even an organ in their buildings. Particularly does the Devil ride upon a fiddle-stick. People who think it a little thing to take human life will shudder at the thought of dancing.



That song is instinctive with this folk is further shown, I think, by the fact that with them all formal discourse is sung. I do not here refer to the sing-song way in which all speech is carried on among them; though I think this, too, is significant. I mean that whenever a man or woman speaking in public becomes deeply interested in what he is saying, he begins to sing to a definite rhythm, and with a distinct regard for pitch, all that he has to say. The Hard-shell Baptists sing their sermons to well-defined melodies, — melodies which are improvised by the preacher at the time of speaking. Indeed, this gift of singing the sermon is regarded as the chief criterion of a call to preach. It is also to be noted that the members, when they get happy and shout, cry out in the same rhythmic movement, and sometimes dance — after King David's manner, we can imagine — in perfect time to their shouting.

Having once understood how completely for several generations these people have been separated from the advancing civilization of the rest of the world, and having seen how thoroughly instinctive with them is their love for song, we should not be surprised to find that among them there still exist some traces of the ancient ballad-making faculty. As a matter of fact, many of the traditional ballads have been found among them still alive; and yet other songs, apparently the very material out of which the popular ballad is made, may be picked up there to-day.

It was my fortune, while I was yet a child, to move with my parents to the mountains of East Tennessee. As I grew up, I learned a good many of these songs, and I have even watched some of them in the process of formation. For some years past I have been trying to make a collection of such fragments of popular verse as I could remember or could induce my friends to write down for me.

Although I have found the germ of this collection in the body of verse which I secured from the mountains, I have also included such kindred verse as I have been able to collect in other Southern States. I have even gone further; for, believing that the Southern negro is, in a yet greater degree than the white man of the South, a representative of the ballad-making epoch, I have included also such negro verse as I could readily pick up.

The entire collection I have divided under the following heads: (I) Songs of Outlaws, (II) Songs of Animals, (III) Dance Songs and Nursery Rhymes, (IV) Religious Songs, (V) Songs of the Railroad, (VI) Songs of Drinking and Gambling, (VII) Songs of the Plantation, (VIII) Songs of Love, and (IX) Miscellaneous Verses.

As far as I know, the material I have has never appeared in print. It is certainly in the possession of the folk, and for the most part, I believe, has sprung from the heart of the folk. Most of the songs I



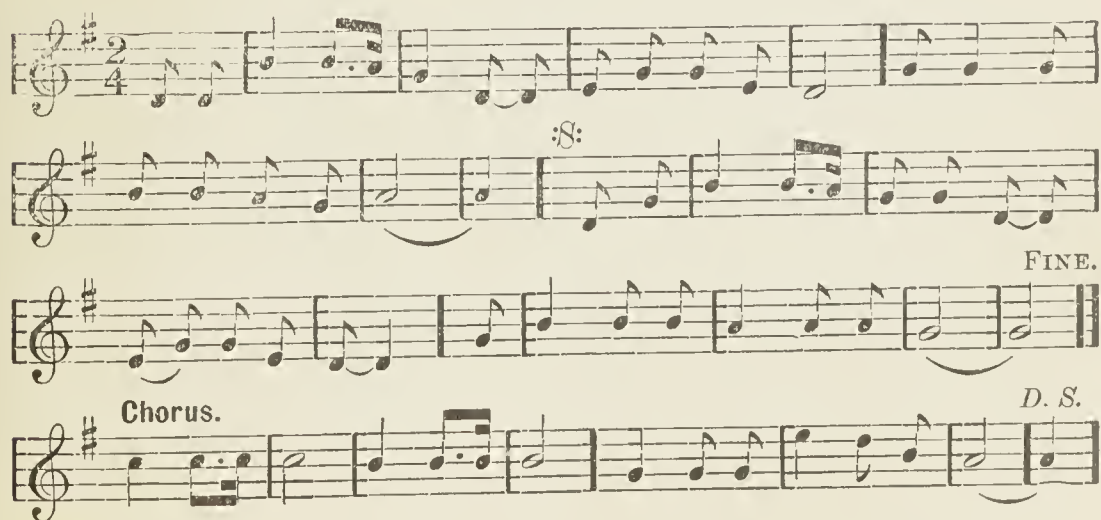
am reporting are mere fragments. Individuals seldom know a song in its entirety: they know it only by snatches. It must be remembered, too, that these songs are not integral things. In many cases the stanzas have no definite order; and some stanzas may be known to one person and community, and be entirely unknown to another. Further, some songs have become hopelessly confused with others. This fact is due chiefly, I think, to the comparative scarcity of melodies, one melody being made to serve for several different songs.

In such songs as I have from recitation, I have attempted to represent by phonetic spelling the words which have a local pronunciation. In those which I know only from manuscript I have retained the spelling of the original, although that spelling rarely represents the true sound. Such manuscripts as I have been able to secure I have deposited in the Harvard College Library.

### I. SONGS OF OUTLAWS

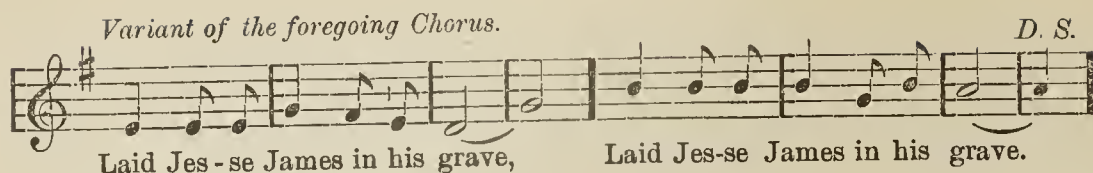
Besides the many stories of outlaws current in the mountains, we are not surprised to find some songs of outlaws. Usually, whenever an outlaw has attracted public attention, some form of song springs up concerning him. A few summers ago Harvey Logan, an outlaw of national reputation, was confined in the Knoxville jail. The public made a hero of him, and many ladies carried him flowers during his imprisonment. During the same summer he made his escape from jail in a very sensational manner. He was after this more than ever considered as a hero. I was not surprised, then, last summer to find a fragment of a ballad which had already sprung up concerning the deeds of this outlaw. Other outlaws are honored in the same way. I present below some of the outlaw songs I have picked up in the South.

#### I. JESSE JAMES<sup>1</sup>



<sup>1</sup> See *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxii, p. 246, for a version from North Carolina.





## A

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)

Jesse James wuz the man<sup>1</sup> who travelled thoo the lan',  
 Stealin' en robbin' wuz 'is trade;  
 But a dirty little caoward by the name uv Robert Haoward<sup>2</sup>  
 Laid Jesse James in 'is grave.<sup>3</sup>

Pore Jesse James! Pore Jesse James!  
 Laid Jesse James in 'is grave;  
 En a dirty little caoward by the name uv Robert Haoward  
 Laid Jesse James in 'is grave.

Oh, the people uv the West, when they h'yerd uv Jesse's death,  
 Wondered haow the hero come ter die;  
 But a dirty little caoward by the name uv Robert Haoward  
 Laid Jesse James in 'is grave.<sup>4</sup>

It wuz late one Saddy<sup>5</sup> night when the moon wuz shinin' bright  
 Thet Jesse James robbed the Danville<sup>6</sup> train;  
 But thet Smith en Wesson ball knocked pore Jesse frum the wall<sup>7</sup>  
 En laid Jesse James in 'is grave.

## B

(From Eastern Kentucky; mountain whites; MS. of C. B. House<sup>8</sup>)

Oh! Jesse was the man, he travelled through the land,  
 For money Jesse never suffered pain;  
 Jesse and his brother Frank they robbed Chicago bank,  
 And stopped the Danville train.

Jesse said to his brother Frank, "Will you stand by my side  
 Till the Danville train passes by?"  
 "Yes; I'll stand by your side and fight one hundred men till I died<sup>9</sup>  
 And the Danville train has rolled by."

<sup>1</sup> In the mountains the "short *a*" has the standard English sound low-front-wide, not the low-front-narrow of other parts of the South.

<sup>2</sup> Compare the corresponding line in C. Howard was a pseudonym assumed by Jesse James at one time in his career.

<sup>3</sup> Assonance is of frequent occurrence in the songs of the mountains.

<sup>4</sup> This stanza has evidently been corrupted by the slipping-out of the last two lines, and the substitution of lines from the refrain.

<sup>5</sup> A night much beloved by the negroes and poor whites.

<sup>6</sup> Folk etymology for Glendale, a railroad-station in Missouri where a famous robbery took place. The name of the station was afterward changed to avoid the danger of frightening passengers for the road. Danville is a natural change; the mountain folk did know Danville, Ky.

<sup>7</sup> Jesse James was hanging a picture on the wall when his pretended friend shot him.

<sup>8</sup> Contributed by Mr. C. B. House, Manchester, Ky.

<sup>9</sup> This line appears to be too long, but it perhaps never existed in a smoother version.



Oh! Robert Ford was the man, he travelled through the land,  
He never robbed a train in his life,<sup>1</sup>  
But he told the courts that his aims was to kill Jesse James,  
And to live in peace with his wife.

Ten thousand dollars reward was given Robert Ford  
For killing Jesse James on the sly;  
Poor Jesse has gone to rest with his hands upon his breast,  
And I'll remember Jesse James till I die.

C

(From Jackson County, Missouri; country whites; MS. of F. A. Brown, student in  
Harvard University; 1907)

How the people held their breath  
When they heard of Jesse's death,  
And they wondered how the hero came to die;  
It was for the great reward  
That little<sup>2</sup> Robert Ford  
Shot Jesse James on the sly.

Jesse had a wife,  
The joy of his life;  
His children they were brave;  
'Twas a thief and a coward  
That shot Captain Howard  
And laid Jesse James in his grave.

Jesse James was a man and a friend of the poor,<sup>3</sup>  
And for money Jesse never suffered pain;  
It was with his brother Frank  
He robbed Chicago bank  
And stopped the Glendale train.

And he wandered to the car that was not far away—  
For the money in the safe they did aim;

<sup>1</sup> A good expression of the supreme contempt of the mountaineers for a man like Ford. To them it was the height of tragic irony that such a man should kill Jesse James.

<sup>2</sup> Ford was only a youth when he murdered Jesse James.

<sup>3</sup> One of the chief characteristics of the outlaw hero is his kindness to the poor. Compare the legends of the generosity of Hereward, Fulk Fitz Warine, and Robin Hood. Mr. F. A. Braun, a citizen of Jackson County, Missouri, tells me the following story of Jesse James, which he says is current in his county: One day the outlaw stopped at the cottage of a poor widow and asked for something to eat. The woman generously shared her meal with the stranger. But the latter noticed that both the widow and her children were in distress. He asked the poor woman what her trouble was. With tears in her eyes she told him that the house in which she lived was mortgaged, that this was the day for payment, and that the landlord was coming for his money; but she lacked a considerable amount of the money that must be paid, and she knew that she should be turned out. The outlaw counted out the money needed, made her a present of it, and departed. He did not go far, however, but hid in a cornfield near the roadside. There he waited till the creditor had called at the widow's cottage and was returning with the money. Thereupon Jesse James took possession of the entire sum, and sent the creditor home with empty saddle-bags.



While the agent on his knees  
 Delivered up the keys  
 To Frank and Jesse James.

## D

(From Jackson County, Missouri; country whites; MS. of F. A. Brown; 1908)

Jesse James was a man and the friend of the poor,  
 And for money he never suffered pain,  
 But with his brother Frank,  
 He robbed Chicago bank,  
 And stopped the Glendale train.  
 And they wandered to a car that was not far away,  
 For the money in the safe was their aims.  
 And the agent on his knees  
 Delivered up the keys  
 To Frank and Jesse James.

. . . . .

Jesse had a wife  
 And he loved her dear as life,  
 And he loved his children brave.  
 Oh the dirty little coward  
 That shot Johnny Howard  
 And laid Jesse James in his grave.

## E

(From Southern Indiana; country whites; recitation of U. H. Smith, Bloomington,  
 Ind.; 1908)

Jesse James had a wife,  
 The joy of his life,  
 And the children, they were brave;  
 But that dirty little coward  
 Who shot Johnny Howard  
 Has laid Jesse James in his grave.

## F

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Miss Annie Reedy, student in the University  
 of Mississippi; 1908)

Jesse left a wife to mourn all her life,  
 Three children to beg for bread;  
 Oh, the dirty little coward that shot Mr. Howard,  
 And they laid Jesse James in his grave.

## G

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of J. E. Rankin, student in the University of  
 Mississippi; 1908)

Jesse James had a wife who mourned all her life,  
 Three children to cry for bread;  
 But a dirty little coward shot down Thomas Howard,  
 And they laid Jesse James in his grave.



H

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Ben Bell, student; 1908)

Jesse James was a man, a pistol in each hand  
He flagged down the great Eastern train;  
In the shade of the trees, he delivered up the keys  
Of the trains he had robbed years ago.

He pulled off his coat and hung it on the wall,<sup>1</sup>—  
A thing he had never done before,—  
Robert Ford watched his eye, and shot him on the sly,  
Which laid Jesse James in his grave.

I

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of J. L. Byrd, student; 1908)

Little<sup>2</sup> Jesse James was a man of his own,  
Killed many men and expected to kill as many more,  
When he was shot on the sly by little Robert Ford,  
Who laid poor Jesse in his grave.

People of the South, ain't you sorry? (*thrice*)  
They laid poor Jesse in his grave.

J

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of W. C. Stokes, student; 1908)

Mother I'm dreaming,  
Mother I'm dreaming,  
Mother I'm dreaming,  
Of Frank and Jesse James.

K

(From Mississippi; negroes; 1909)

O Jesse James, why didn't yuh run  
When Bob Ford pulled his Gatlin gun,  
Gatlin gun, Gatlin gun!

2. JACK MIDDLETON

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of J. E. Rankin, student; 1908)

My name, it is Jack Middleton;  
From Arkansas I came;  
I am a highway roughian;  
Stage robbing is my game.

I went out into Texas,  
Some gamblers ther to see;  
I tell you, wild and reckless boys,  
I got on a western spree.

I wore a pair of six shooters,  
Which made me feel quite grand.

<sup>1</sup> Jesse James, on this occasion, took his pistols off and tossed them on the bed.

<sup>2</sup> "Little" appears to be a favorite epithet of ballad literature.



I found myself in camps one day  
With Jesse James's band.<sup>1</sup>

You know it put sad feelings o'er me  
To think of days of yore,  
And it's I'll be a good boy  
And do so no more.<sup>2</sup>

Jesse passed the bottle around;  
We all took a dram;  
Liquor put old hell in me  
And I didn't give a damn.

There was Dick Little. Joe Collins, myself,  
And Frank, and the other three,—  
A squad containing seven men,  
And a merry bunch was we.

Jesse took the train for St. Joe  
And shipped the other three.  
That left a squad containing  
Joe Collins, Frank, and me.

Our plan was to cross the Rio Grande<sup>3</sup>  
And enter the western plains,  
To intercept the U. P.  
And rob the West-bound train.

O'Bannan's rangers followed us  
One cold and stormy night.  
At last we saw our only revenge  
Was to give the boys a fight.

They whistled bullets all around our ears,  
Although they passed us by;  
But every time our rifles cracked  
A ranger had to die.<sup>4</sup>

I then pulled for old Arkansas,  
I thought it was the best,  
To put up at my girl's house,  
And take a little rest.

There the sheriff tackled me,  
He thought he was the boss;  
But I drew old Betsy<sup>5</sup> from my side  
And nailed him to the cross.

<sup>1</sup> This is interesting as connecting a group of other men with the Jesse James matter.

<sup>2</sup> Possibly a momentary Falstaffian repentance.

<sup>3</sup> Jesse James's band did some of their robbing across the border, in Mexico.

<sup>4</sup> A touch of the true ballad brevity.

<sup>5</sup> The more primitive folk are fond of giving names to their weapons. Compare the practice of the heroes of Romance.

3. OLD BRADY<sup>1</sup>

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of R. J. Slay, student; 1908)

O mamma, mamma! what was that?  
A big gun busted right across our back!

Ho, ho! he has been on the jolly too long.

I went a little closer and then stepped back,  
And saw the blood on Brady's back.<sup>2</sup>

They sent for the doctor in a mighty haste.  
"Oh, yonder comes the surgeon in a racking<sup>3</sup> pace!"  
He raised his hand, and his hand was red,  
"Oh, my goodness gracious! old Brady is dead!"

When the news got out that old Brady was dead,  
Out come the ladies all dressed in red.

4. DOCK BISHOP<sup>4</sup>

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of J. E. Rankin; 1908)

My parents advised me when I was quite young  
To leave off night walking,<sup>5</sup> bad company to shun.  
To leave off night walking, bad company to shun.

But to their advising I paid little care;<sup>6</sup>  
Kept rambling and gambling in the wildest career.

I rambled and gambled by night and by day  
All to maintain pretty Maggie and to dress her so gay.

Ofttimes I have wondered how women could love men;  
But more times I've wondered how men could love them.

They will bring him to sorrow and sudden downfall;  
They will bring him to labor, spring, summer, and fall.

When I was on shipboard, pretty Maggie by me,  
Bound down in strong iron, I thought myself free.

When I landed from shipboard, my old father did stand,  
A-pulling his grey locks and wringing his hands,

Saying, "Son, I have warned you before to-day,  
And now I am ready to be laid in the clay."

Farewell to young men and ladies so gay;  
To-morrow I'll be sleeping in the coldest of clay!

<sup>1</sup> An outlaw who was killed some years ago in Mississippi.

<sup>2</sup> Identical rhyme, a not uncommon thing in folk-poetry.

<sup>3</sup> A gait of a horse amounting to about a mile in four minutes.

<sup>4</sup> A Mississippi outlaw who claimed that he was driven to his nefarious trade by the expensive tastes of his wife. This is a good example of the ballad of moral advice that gets itself composed anent the execution of some criminal. Compare the broadsides, "The Trial and Confession of Frederick Prentice," the lamentation of James Rogers' "John Brown's Body" and "Captain Kidd."

<sup>5</sup> Compare "night-riding" as used at present in the Southern States.

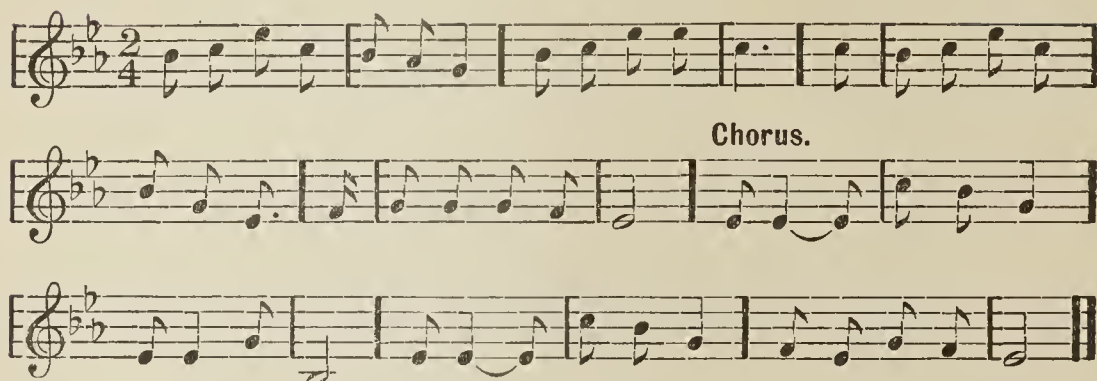
<sup>6</sup> Pronounced to rhyme with "career," ke-uh.



## 5. OLD JOE CLARK

A

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)



Ole Joe Clark 'e killed a man  
 En buried 'im in the san';  
 Said ef 'e had another chance,  
 He'd kill another man.

Good-by, ole Joe Clark!  
 Good-by, I'm gone!  
 Good-by, ole Joe Clark!  
 Good-by, Betty Brown!

B

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of R. J. Slay; 1908)

Old Joe Clark, he is a sharp,  
 Creeping through the timber,  
 Old Joe Clark shot at a lark  
 And killed my wife in the window.

## 6. CAPTAIN KELLY

(From West Virginia; mountain whites; MS. of Davidson; 1908)

As I walked over Mulberry Mountain,  
 I met Captain Kelly; his money he was counting,  
 First I drew my pistol; then I drew my rapier,  
 "Stand and deliver, for I'm your money-taker!"

Mush-a-ring-a-ring-a-rah!  
 Whack fol-d' the dady O!  
 Whack fol-d' the dady O!  
 Ther's whiskey in the jug.

I took it home to Molly,  
 I took it home to Molly,  
 And she said she'd ne'er receive it,  
 For the devil's in the women.

7. MY ROWDY BOY

(From West Virginia; mountain whites; MS. of Davidson; 1908)

Where is my rowdy boy?  
Where is my rowdy boy?  
He's been to the pen,  
And he's got to go again.  
Good-by, my rowdy boy!

8. THE STAGE ROBBER

E

(From Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905<sup>1</sup>)

O fæther, O fæther! whut made you do so,  
To rob the pore driver in the lowlan's so low? <sup>2</sup>

9. THE DYING COWBOY<sup>3</sup>

A

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of M. A. Kent; 1909)

I rode to fair Laden, fair Laden,  
I rode to fair Laden so early one morn,  
And there I fancied a handsome young cowboy,  
All dressed in linen and ready for the grave.

Go beat the drum lowly, and play the fife slowly,  
And play the dead-march as they carry me along;  
Go carry me to the graveyard and throw the sod o'er me;  
For I'm a poor cowboy, I know I've done wrong!

Oh, once in the saddle I used to be dashing,  
Oh, once in the saddle I used to be gay.  
'Twas then I took to drinking, from that to card-playing,  
Cut short in my living, now dying I lay.

Go call around me a crowd of young cowboys,  
And tell them the story of my sad fate;  
Go tell the[ir] dear mothers, before they go further,  
Go stop the[ir] wild roving before it is too late.

Go write a letter to my grey-haired mother,  
Go write a letter to my sister dear,  
But then there is another, yes, dearer than mother;  
What will she say when she knows I am dead?

<sup>1</sup> This is the only stanza I can remember of a song brought from Texas. It is said to have been composed by the daughter of the criminal and sold by her at the execution of her father. In this connection the following story is of interest. Some years ago an outlaw named Callahan was executed in Kentucky. Just before his execution he sat on his coffin and played and sang a ballad of his own composing, and, when he had finished, broke his musical instrument over his knee. The situation is, of course, the same as that of Burns's "McPherson's Farewell."

<sup>2</sup> With this refrain compare *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xviii, p. 125.

<sup>3</sup> For other versions of this well-known song compare *Ibid.*, vol. xii, p. 250; and vol. xxii, p. 258.



## B

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of J. E. Rankin; 1909)

As I went out walking early one morning,  
 As I went out walking one morning in May,  
 I met a young cowboy all dressed in white linen,  
 All dressed in white linen and ready for the grave.

Go write me a letter to my grey-headed mother;  
 Go write me a letter to my sister so dear;  
 And there is another more dear than a mother,  
 I know she'd be weeping if she knew I lay here.

"Go bring me a cup of cold water, cold water;  
 Go bring me a cup of cold water," he said;  
 But when I returned with the cup of cold water,  
 I found the poor cowboy lying there dead.

## C

(From West Virginia; mountain whites; MS. of Davidson; 1908)

Once in my saddle I used to go socking,  
 Once in my saddle I used to be gay;  
 I first took to drinking, and then to card-playing,  
 Was shot in the breast, now dying I lay.

10. TATERHILL<sup>1</sup>

## E

(From Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1911)



Ef yer want ter git yer head knocked off,  
 Ef yer want ter git yer fill;  
 Ef yer want ter git yer head knocked off,  
 Go back ter Taterhill.

<sup>1</sup> When the church now called Mary's Chapel was built, there was much dispute among the parishioners as to what the church should be named. One party stood for "Mary's Chapel," another for "Mount Zion," and another for "Tate's Hill." Officially the first prevailed; but the common people chose the last, which by folk-etymology they transformed to "Taterhill." The dispute, however, was for a time very violent, and the contending parties several times came to blows,—"drawed rocks en knives," as my friend Dave Noe expressed it. This stanza is a part of a song which sprang up to celebrate this contest. Even to this day it is not infrequent to have religious meetings broken up by a free-for-all fight. The men bring their pistols and their whiskey to the church, and, if things do not go to suit them, they sometimes resort to violence. I remember on one occasion the group on the inside of the church were besieged by the Moore clan from the outside. My cousin succeeded in holding the doorway against them by knocking down each man as he came up the steps, while the women and children were taken out through a window at the back of the building.

II. RAILROAD BILL

A

(From Alabama; negroes; recitation of Mrs. C. Brown; 1909)

Railroad Bill<sup>1</sup> cut a mighty big dash;  
Killed McMillan like a lightnin'-flash.  
En he'll lay yo po body daown.

Railroad Bill ride on de train,  
Tryin t'ac' big like Cuba en Spain.<sup>2</sup>  
En he'll lay yo po body daown.

Get up, ole woman, you sleepin' too late!  
Ef Railroad Bill come knockin' at yo gate,  
He'll lay yo po body daown.

Talk abaout yo bill, yo ten-dollah bill,  
But you never seen a bill like Railroad Bill.  
En he'll lay yo po body daown.

B

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of R. J. Slay; 1909)

Railroad Bill said before he died,  
He'd fit all the trains so the rounders could ride.  
Oh, ain't he bad, oh, railroad man!

Railroad Bill cut a mighty big dash;  
He killed Bill Johnson with a lightning-flash.  
Oh, ain't he bad, oh, railroad man!

C

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of J. R. Anderson; 1909)

Railroad Bill is a mighty bad man,  
Come skipping and dodging through this land.

D

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909)

Talk about yer five er yer ten dollar bill;  
Ain't no bill like de Railroad Bill.

12. JOE TURNER

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of M. F. Rubel; 1909)

Tell me Jo Turner's come to town; (*thrice*)  
He's brought along one thousand links er chain;  
He's gwine ter have one nigger fer each link,  
Gwine ter get this nigger fer one link.

UNIVERSITY OF LOUISVILLE,  
LOUISVILLE, KY.

<sup>1</sup> Railroad Bill was a "bæd nigguh" who terrified Alabama some years ago.

<sup>2</sup> A reminiscence of the Spanish-American war.











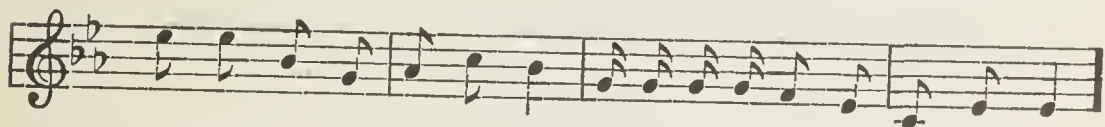
## SONGS AND RHYMES FROM THE SOUTH

BY E. C. PERROW

### II. SONGS IN WHICH ANIMALS FIGURE

#### I. THE OLD GRAY MARE

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from the singing of my brother; 1906)



REFRAIN.



OLE Turkey-Buzzard come a-flyin a-by, (*thrice*)  
Says, "Ole man, yore mare's gon die."

Ef she dies, I'll tan her skin;<sup>1</sup>  
Ef she don't, by doggies! <sup>2</sup> I'll ride 'r agin.

She got so pore I couldn't ride;  
Bones stuck up right thoo <sup>3</sup> her hide.

Then I hooked 'r to the plough;  
Swore by doggies! she didn't know how.

Then I skinned some pop-paw <sup>4</sup> lines;  
Swore by doggies! she'd take her time.

Then I turned 'r daown the creek,  
For her to hunt some grass to eat.

Then I follerd daown the track;  
Found 'r in a mud-hole flat uv 'r back.

Then I felt so dev'lish stout,  
Grabbed 'r by the tail en' pulled 'r out.

Then I thought it weren't no sin;  
Took out my knife en' begun to skin.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xix, p. 19. This stanza is reported also from Virginia (Dr. Bullitt).

<sup>2</sup> A common byword in East Tennessee.

<sup>3</sup> So the word "through" is pronounced in East Tennessee.

<sup>4</sup> A kind of tree, with its banana-like fruit. The bark is tough, and makes good strings.



*Refrain*

Yankty doodle dum, yankty dee,<sup>1</sup>  
Yankty doodle dum, yankty dee.

## 2. THE OLD GRAY HORSE

## A

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1908)

Went to the river at break uv day,  
Couldn't get across, en' uh had to stay;  
Paid five dollars fer un ole gray horse,  
Wouldn't go erlong, en' 'e wouldn't stan' still,  
But jumped up en' daown like un ole flutter-mill.

## B

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Miss Reedy; 1909)

I went to the river and I couldn't get across;  
Paid five dollars for an old gray horse,  
Horse wouldn't ride, horse wouldn't swim,  
And I'll never see my five dollars agin.

## C

(From Virginia; mountain whites; MS. of D. H. Bishop; 1909)

I went to the river and couldn't get across;  
Jumped on a toad-frog and thought he was a horse.<sup>2</sup>

## 3. EDMUND HAD AN OLD GRAY HORSE

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1912)

Edmund had an ole gray horse; its name wuz Morgan Brown;  
En' every tooth in Morgan's head wuz fifteen miles around.<sup>3</sup>

## 4. PROCTOR KNOTT

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of M. T. Aldrich; 1909)

Bet your money on Proctor Knott!<sup>4</sup>  
He's a horse of mine.  
Done quit runnin';  
He's gone to flyin'.  
All the way from Little Rock  
Bet your money on Proctor Knott.  
Proctor Knott run so fast  
You couldn't see nothing but the jockey's ass.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Imitation of the sound of the banjo-string.

<sup>2</sup> This couplet is included in the college song-books under the title "Polly Wolly Doodle." The college, with its constant call for communal singing and sometimes for communal composition, is a natural place toward which folk-song of various localities will gravitate. It is also, as has been noted in *American Dialect Notes*, a hot-bed for the culture of slang.

<sup>3</sup> A humorous comment on Morgan's age.

<sup>4</sup> Evidently named for a prominent Kentuckian, Proctor Knott (died 1911).

<sup>5</sup> In East Tennessee the "r" is still pronounced in this word.

5. I HAD A LITTLE MULE

A

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of F. R. Rubel, 1909)

I had a little mule, and his name was Jack;<sup>1</sup>  
I rode him on his tail to save his back.

I had a little mule, and his name was Jay;  
I pulled his tail to hear him bray.

I had a little mule who was quite slick;  
I pulled his tail to see him kick.

This little mule he kicked so high,  
I thought that I had touched the sky.

I had a little mule; he was made of hay;  
First big wind come along and blowed him away.

B

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1908)

I had a little pony, en' his name wuz Jack;  
I rode him on his belly to save his back.

6. I HITCHED MY HORSE

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909)

I hitched my horse to the poplar trough,  
The poplar trough, the poplar trough, the poplar trough,  
And dar he cotched de whoopin'-cough,  
De whoopin'-cough, de whoopin'-cough, de whoopin'-cough.

I hitched my horse to the swingin' lim, etc.  
And dar he cut de pidgin-wing,<sup>2</sup> etc.

7. UNCLE NED<sup>3</sup>

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of F. R. Rubel, taken from the singing of a negro near Oxford; 1909)

There was an old man; his name was Ned;  
He died some years ago.  
He had no hair upon his head,  
And nowhere for hair to grow.

And this old man he had two sons,  
And both of them were brothers;  
Josephus was the name of one;  
Bohunkum was the other.

And these two boys they had an old horse;  
This old horse was blind;

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Chambers' *Popular Rhymes of Scotland* (1870), p. 19, for a rhyme opening like this.

<sup>2</sup> The name of a dance.

<sup>3</sup> A variant of the well-known song, *There was an old nigger, and his name was Uncle Ned.*



Josephus rid in front;<sup>1</sup>  
 And Bohunkum rid behind.  
 These two boys they had an old hen,  
 A good old hen was she;  
 Every day she laid an egg,  
 Sunday she laid three.<sup>2</sup>

## 8. THAT MULE

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of T. H. Holliman; 1909)

That mule he had a hollow tooth,  
 He could eat ten bushels of corn;  
 Every time he blinked his eye,  
 Two bushels and a half was gone.  
 Oh! how that mule did holler-r,  
 "Whoa!-he-" "whoa-a!"<sup>3</sup>  
 When they curried him off with a rake!  
 That mule could pull ten thousand pounds,  
 That wasn't half a load;<sup>4</sup>  
 Just clear the track, both white and black,  
 And give that mule the road.

## 9. WHOA, MULE!

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of A. B. Pitts; 1909)

Whoa, mule! whoa!  
 Can't you hear him holler?  
 Tie a knot in the end of his tail,  
 Or he'll jump through his collar.<sup>5</sup>

## 10. SWEET TO THE DONKEY

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of A. B. Pitts; 1909)

Sweet to the donkey is the growing of the grass;  
 And if you don't like his way, you can let him pass.

## 11. I'M A ROWDY OLD SOUL

(From Mississippi; negroes: MS.?; 1909)

I uster drive a long-horn steer;  
 Now I drive a muley:  
 Hand me down my frock and coat;  
 I'm goin' back to Juley.  
 I'm a rowdy old soul, I'm a rowdy old soul!  
 There ain't gwine to be a nigger in a mile or more.  
 I'm gwine to get some brick and sand  
 To build my chimney higher,  
 To keep that damned old tomcat  
 From putting out my fire.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. the version as found in the college song-books.<sup>2</sup> Cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiv, p. 373, where "four" is the number.<sup>3</sup> An imitation of the "hard, dry seesaw of his horrible bray."<sup>4</sup> Cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiv, p. 371.<sup>5</sup> A stock gibe at an underfed animal. Cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiv, p. 371.

12. HOOK AND LINE

(From Kentucky; mountain whites; MS. of C. B. House; 1905)

Give me the hook; give me the line;  
Give me the gal they call Caroline.

Set my hook, give it a flip;  
First thing I knowed, Dad's <sup>1</sup> old lip.

Hook would break; pole would bend;  
Bottom of the river old Dad would send.

Nigger went a-fishing on a summer day;  
Creek turned over,<sup>2</sup> and the fish got away.

Nigger went a-fishing in the summer time;  
Creek turned over, and he went blind.

I went to the river and couldn't get across;  
Jumped on a 'possum, and thought he was a horse.

The river was deep, and the bottom was sand;  
You ought to seed that 'possum racking through the land.

13. THE SHEEP'S IN THE MEADOW

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)

The sheep's in the meadow, en' the caow's in the corn;<sup>3</sup>  
Where in the hell has Lulu gone!

14. WORKING IN THE PEA-VINES

(From South Carolina; negroes; MS. of H. M. Bryan; 1909)

Turkey in de bread-tray, scratchin' out dough;  
"Sallie, will yer dog bite?" — "No, chile, no!"

Workin' in de pea-vines, oh, ho! (*thrice*)

Had a little dog; his name was Clover;  
When he died, he died all over.

15. MY COON DOG

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of J. L. Byrd; 1909)

Rabbit in the log, and I got no dog,  
Baby!<sup>4</sup> Baby!  
Chicken in the yard, and I got no lard,<sup>5</sup>  
Baby! Baby!

<sup>1</sup> That is, the biggest fish, the daddy of 'em all. Cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*; vol. xxii, p. 248, where "my old ad" seems a mistake for "my old dad."

<sup>2</sup> Cf. *Berea Quarterly* (October, 1910), p. 20, for the subject of the impossible in folk-song.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. J. B. Ker, *An Essay on the Archæology of Popular English Phrases and Nursery Rhymes* (London, 1834), p. 147.

<sup>4</sup> A negro pet name for "sweetheart;" used also by the whites.

<sup>5</sup> That is, to fry it with.



Somebody stole my coon dog,  
 And I wish I had him back;  
 Chase them big ones over the fence,  
 And the little ones through the crack.

## 16. GRANPAP'S BULLDOG

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1908)

Over the hill, en' across the level,  
 Granpap's bulldog treed the devil.

17. COME ON, BLUE<sup>1</sup>

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of W. P. Cassedy; 1909)

Come on, Blue! Come on, Blue!  
 Dere's a 'possum in Heabn fer me an' you!  
 So come on, Blue! Come on, Blue!

Soon old Blue died; I dug his grave  
 With a [            and a] silver spade.<sup>2</sup>  
 Come on, Blue! Come on, Blue!

I let him down with a golden chain,  
 And every link I called his name.  
 Come on, Blue! Come on, Blue!

Now since Blue haft gone to Heabn,  
 I says, "Go on, Blue! Go on, Blue!"  
 Dere's a 'possum in Heabn fer me an' you."

## 18. BOUGHT A COW

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of W. G. Pitts; 1909)

Bought a cow of farmer Jones,  
 She wasn't nothing but skin and bones;  
 Kept her till she was as fine as silk;  
 Jumped the fence, and strained her milk.

## 19. THE OLD COW DIED

(From Virginia; negroes; from memory; 1909)

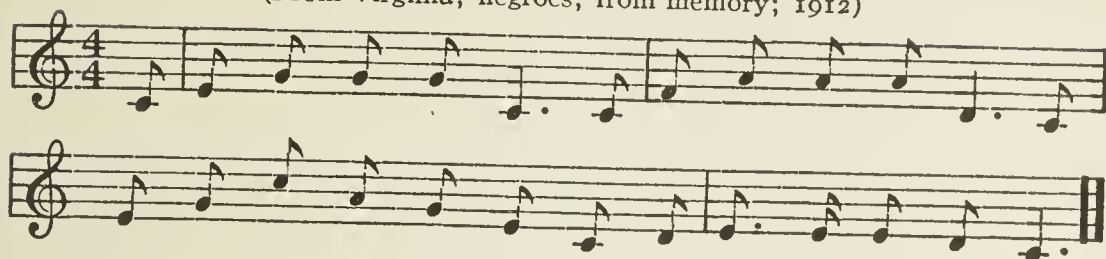
Ladies an' gentl'men, I tell you de fac'  
 De ole caow died in de fodduh stack.

<sup>1</sup> Said to have been a song composed by an old negro in honor of his dog.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore* (vol. xi, p. 22; vol. xxiii, p. 438) for the silver spade and golden chain. Here is a touch of the popular love for gold and silver so common in the standard ballads.

20. THE OLD COW CROSSED THE ROAD<sup>1</sup>

(From Virginia; negroes; from memory; 1912)

De ole caow crossed de road, (*twice*)

De reason why she crossed de road wuz kase she crossed de road.

## 21. THE OLD HEN

A

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909)

De ole hen she cackled, she cackled in de yard;

. . . . .<sup>2</sup>

De ole hen she cackled, she cackled in de lot;

De nex' time she cackled, she cackled in de pot.

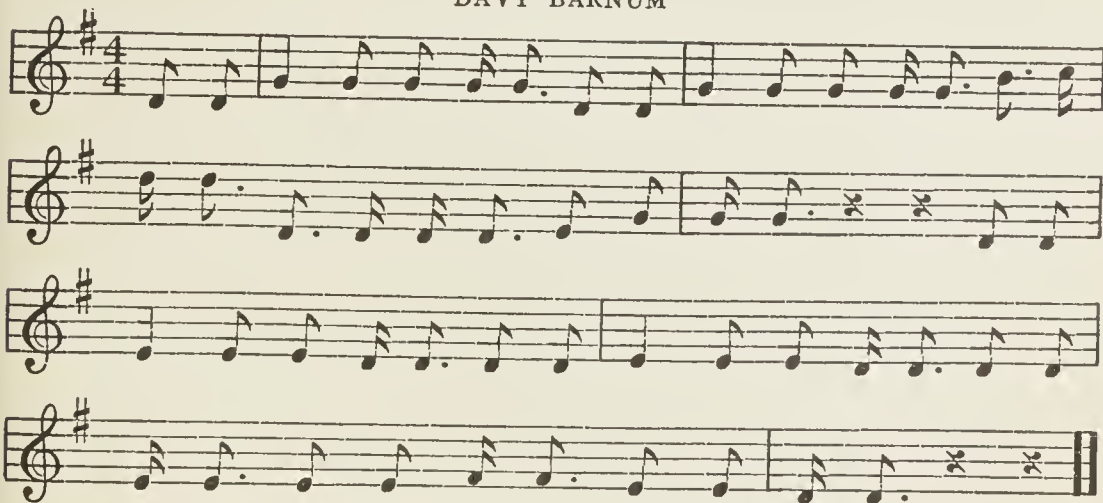
*Chorus*De ole hen she cackled, she cackled, she cackled;  
An' de rooster laid de egg.

De ole hen she cackled, an' she cackled on de fence;

De ole hen she cackled, an' she ain't cackled sence.

<sup>1</sup> This belongs to that group of never-ending songs, the words of which are sung over and over *ad nauseam*. A bit of folk-humor. Some one is urged to sing. At length he says, "I'll sing you a song of a hundred and eleven verses, no two of which are alike." He then sings this until the company call for him to cease. Another song of this type is:—

## DAVY BARNUM



"The ole Davy Barnum said to young Davy Barnum,

'Davy Barnum, Davy Barnum, Davy Barnum!'

En' the young Davy Barnum said to ole Davy Barnum,

'Davy Barnum, Davy Barnum, Davy Barnum!'"

<sup>2</sup> I believe the line missing here is, —

"De nex' time she keckled, she keckled in de lauhd."

## B

(From Virginia; negroes; from memory; 1909)

De ole hen she cackled, she cackled in de bahn;  
De ole caow died, died uh de holluh ho'n.

## 22. GRANNY, WILL YER HEN PECK?

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1908)

"Granny, will yer hen peck?" — "No, chile, no!  
Daddy cut 'er pecker off a long time ago."

23. GO TELL AUNT NANCY<sup>1</sup>

(From Virginia; country whites; from memory; 1909)

Go tell Ænt Næncy (*thrice*)  
Huh gray goose is dead, —

The one she wuz savin' (*thrice*)  
To make huh feather bed.

Somebody killed it, (*thrice*)  
Knocked it in the head.

24. ONCE UPON A TIME<sup>2</sup>

(From Virginia; country whites; from memory; 1910)

Once upon a time a dawg made a rhyme,  
A goose chewed tobacco, en' duck drank wine.

## 25. CHICKEN

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Ben Bell; 1909)

Chicken, little chicken, you'd better go up in a balloon;  
Chicken, little chicken, you'd better roost behind the moon;  
I'll give five dollars for the chickens three  
That can roost too high for me.

## 26. THE OLD BLACK CAT

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of R. J. Slay; 1909)

Some may like the tortoise-shell;  
Some may like the gray as well;  
Some may like this and that;  
But give to me the old black cat.

*Chorus*

Poor kitty that lies so cosey by the fire.

When the boys are full of fun,  
They call the dogs and set them on;  
I spring to my feet and grab my hat,  
And run to save the old black cat.

Sung to the tune "Ebenezer." Cf. *Dialect Notes*, vol. iii, p. 378, for a stanza of this reported from Alabama. In the version which I have from Mississippi, Nobbie takes the place of Nancy.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. iv, p. 48.



27. POOR LITTLE KITTY CAT

(From Virginia; country whites; from memory; 1909)

Po lid'l kitty cat, po lid'l felluh,  
Po lid'l kitty cat, died in the celluh.

28. SHEEP AND SHOTE

(From Virginia; negroes; singing of Mrs. C. Longest; 1909)

Sheep an' shote went a-walkin' in de pæscher,  
Sheep say to shote, "Cæn't you walk a leetl fæster?"  
Shote say, "Sheep,<sup>1</sup> my toe souh!"  
"Oh, I didn't know dat!"

29. THE MONKEY

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of F. R. Rubel; 1909)

I wish I was in Texas, sitting on a rail,  
Tater by the hand and a 'possum by the tail.  
Monkey and a negro sitting on a rail;  
You couldn't tell the difference; but the monkey had the tail.  
A monkey sitting on the end of a rail,  
Picking his tooth with the end of his tail.  
Mullein-leaves and calico sleeves;  
All school-teachers are hard to please.

30. 'POSSUM UP A 'SIMMON-TREE

A

(From Eastern North Carolina; negroes; MS. of W. O. Scroggs; 1908)

A 'possum up a 'simmon-tree;  
I winked at him; he winked at me;  
I picked up a rock and hit him on de shin;  
Sez he,<sup>2</sup> "Ole feller, don't do dat agin!"

*Chorus*

Oh, come 'long, boys, an' shuck dat corn;  
We'll shuck and sing to de rattle ob de horn;  
We'll shuck and sing till de comin' ob de morn,  
An' den we'll hab a holiday.

I carried 'im to Miss Polly Bell,<sup>3</sup>  
Becase I knew she'd cook 'im well.  
She made a fry; she made a stew,  
A roast, a bile, an' a barbecue.

B

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of M. F. Rubel; 1909)

'Possum up the 'simmon-tree, coon on the groun';  
Coon said, "You 'possum, shake dem 'simmons down!"

<sup>1</sup> "Sheep, my . . . dat!" is spoken.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Harris, *Uncle Remus and his Friends*, p. 208.

'Possum up de 'simmon-tree, coony in de hollow;  
There's a pretty gal at Daddy's house, as fat as she can wallow.

Went up on the mountain to get me a load of corn;  
A raccoon treed the devil, and a 'possum blewed his horn.

### 31. THE RABBIT

(From West Tennessee; negroes; recitation of Mrs. C. Brown; 1909)

Hyeuh dawg! Hyeuh's a rabbit!  
Ef yuh ketch it, yuh ken habbit.

32. OH, MR. RABBIT!

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of J. R. Anderson; 1909)

“Oh, Mr. Rabbit! your tail’s mighty white.”<sup>1</sup>  
 “Yes, my God! I can take it out er sight.”  
 “Oh, Mr. Rabbit! you feet’s mighty light.”  
 “Yes, my God! I can take em out er sight!”

### 33. OLE MOLLY-HARE<sup>2</sup>

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909)

“Ole Molly-hare, what you doin’ dare?”  
 “Runnin’ through the ’backer-patch hard as I can tear.”  
 “Ole Molly-hare, what you doin’ dare?”  
 “Settin’ in de brier-patch, pickin’ out de hair.”

### 34. OLD CORNFIELD RABBIT<sup>3</sup>

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of A. B. Pitts; 1909)

Old cornfield rabbit . . . (*prolonged*)

*Chorus*

Rabbit! rabbit!

Got a mighty habit . . . etc.  
Coming in de garden . . .  
Cutting down de cabbage . . .  
I called my dog . . .  
Put him on the track . . .  
Little black fool . . .  
Come a trotting right back . . .

*Chorus*

Help me to holler rabbit now!  
 "Rabbit! rabbit!"  
 Come on, boys, let's have a time!  
 "Rabbit! rabbit!"

<sup>1</sup> Cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiii, pp. 435 *et seq.*

<sup>2</sup> For another version, cf. *Dialect Notes*, vol. iii, p. 351.

\* Cf. a version given in *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiv, p. 317. The negro of Mississippi often sing this song when they gather, a fore-singer improvising the story and the chorus shouting, "Rabbit! rabbit!"

35. THE JAYBIRD DIED<sup>1</sup>

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909)

Oh the jaybird died of the whooping-cough;  
And the sparrow died of the colic;  
Along came a frog with his fiddle on his back,  
Inquiring the way to the frolic.

If ever I get through this war,  
And the Southern boys don't find me,  
I'll return straightway back home again  
To the girl I left behind me.

36. THE JAYBIRD

A

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of M. F. Rubel; 1909)

Jaybird sittin' on a hickory lim';  
He winked at me, and I winked at him.  
Picked up a stick and hit him on the shin,  
"Now, doggone you! Wink agin!"

B

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Hudson; 1909)

Jaybird settin' in a swingin' lim'  
Looked at me, and I at him;  
Cocked my gun an' split his chin,  
An' lef' the arrer stickin' in.

37. THE OLD BLUEJAY

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909)

The ole bluejay (*four times*)  
On the swingin' lim', etc.  
I picked him clean, etc.  
I wallered him around, etc.  
I fried him brown, etc.  
I swallowed him down, etc.

<sup>1</sup> For other jaybird verses, cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. ii, p. 300, and *Dialect Notes*, vol. iii, p. 324. Mrs. L. M. Cheshire gives in a newspaper article the following from Florida:—

"Jaybird up the sugar-tree,  
Sparrow on de groun';  
Jaybird shake de sugar down,  
Sparrow pass hit eround.  
"Shoo, ladies, shoo, (*twice*)  
Shoo, ladies, shoo, my gal,  
I'm boun' for Sugar Hill.  
"Five cents is my pocket change;  
Ten cents is my bill;  
If times don't get no bettah heah,  
I'm boun' for Sugar Hill."



## 38. THE JAYBIRD DIED

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of L. A. Harrison; 1909)

Way down yonder in my old loft,  
Jaybird died with the whooping-cough.

He fell in my watering-trough,  
And gave my cow the whooping-cough.

39. FREE LITTLE BIRD<sup>1</sup>

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1909)

I'm as free a little bird ez I ken be! (*twice*)  
I'll build my nest in the high oak-tree,  
Where the bad boys can't bother me.

I'm as free a little bird ez I ken be! (*twice*)  
I'll draown myself in the bottom uv the sea,  
Before I'll let the bad boys bother me.

40. THE FROG WENT A-COURTING<sup>2</sup>

## A

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)

The Frog went a-courtin'; he did ride, (*thrice*)  
A sword en' pistol by his side.

Where will the weddin'-supper be, Baby?<sup>3</sup> (*thrice*)  
Way daown yander in the holler oak-tree, Baby.

What will the weddin'-supper be, Baby? (*thrice*)  
Fried mosquito en' roasted flea,<sup>4</sup> Baby.

## B

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909)

A Frog he would a-wooing go,  
Whether his mother would let him or no.

## C

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Miss Raymond; 1909)

A Gentleman Frog got up to ride, um . . . um . . . (*humming*)  
A Gentleman Frog got up to ride,  
A sword and a pistol by his side, um . . . um . . .

Went down to Lady Mouse's hall,  
Knocked at the door, and there did call.

<sup>1</sup> For another version, cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxii, p. 241.<sup>2</sup> Cf. Percy Society, vol. iv (1842); Halliwell, No. xciii; also Lina Eckstein, *Comparative Studies*, pp. 29, 94.<sup>3</sup> Cf. Gomme, *Traditional Games*, vol. ii, p. 163.<sup>4</sup> Cf. *Berea Quarterly* (October, 1910), p. 25, for other insects: —

"As I went down in my old field,  
I heard a mighty maulin';  
The seed-ticks was a-splittin' rails;  
The chigres was a-haulin'."

He asked if Lady Mouse were in.

"Yes, kind sir, she sits to spin."

Directly Lady Mouse came down,

Dressed in silk and satin gown.

He said, "Miss Mouse, won't you marry me?"

"Yes, kind sir, if you'll have me."

Directly Uncle Rat came home:

"Who's been here since I've been gone?"

"A nice young gentleman," said she;

"I'll have him, if he'll have me."

Uncle Rat went back to town

To buy his niece a wedding-gown.

"Where shall the wedding-supper be?"

"Way down yonder, in an old hollow oak-tree."

"What shall the wedding-supper be?"

"Bread and honey and a big black bee."

The first one there was Mr. Coon,

Waving about a big silver spoon.

The next one there was Mr. Snake,

Handing around the wedding-cake.

The next one there was a Bumblebee,

Tuning his fiddle on his knee.

Mr. Frog got scared, and run out the door;

He never had heard a fiddle before.

Miss Mouse got scared and run up the wall;

Her foot got caught, and she did fall.

#### 41. THE BULLFROG

##### A

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)

Way daown yander in Arkansaw,

The Bullfrog said, "Ker-chow ker-chaw."

Way daown yander in China-rank,

The Bullfrog jumped frum bank to bank.

The Bullfrog jumped frum the bottom uv the well,

En' swore by God! he wuz just frum hell.

##### B

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of J. R. Anderson; 1909)

The Bullfrog jumped from bank to bank,

Skint his shins from shank to shank.

The Bullfrog jumped from the bottom of the well,

And swore by George! he was just from hell.

## 42. THE BULLFROG AND THE ALLIGATOR

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909)

Oh! de Bullfrog tried for to court de Alligator  
He hopped upon a log, and offered her a tater.

Oh! de Alligator grin, an' den she try to blush,  
An de Bullfrog cried out, "Oh, do hush!"

## 43. COME ALONG, LADIES

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909)

Come along, ladies, take a drink o' grog;  
Ever see a tadpole turnin' to a frog?

## 44. WHAT MAKE A FRENCHMAN GROW SO TALL

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909)

What make a Frenchman grow so tall, Sugar-babe? (*twice*)  
What make a Frenchman grow so tall?

Kase he eat de crawfish, head an' all, Sugar-babe.

Little bit er Frenchman nine days ole, Sugar-babe, etc.  
Down on his knees at de crawfish hole, Sugar-babe.

Little bit er Frenchman nine days ole, Sugar-babe, etc.  
Tryin' ter ketch a crawfish, bless his soul! Sugar-babe.

## III. GAME SONGS AND NURSERY RHYMES

I. SKIP TO MY LOU<sup>1</sup>

## A

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)

Pretty as a red-bird, prettier, too; (*thrice*)  
Skip to my Lou, my darling.

Get me another one, prettier, too; etc.

<sup>1</sup> Lou, a common term for "sweetheart" in East Tennessee. Probably derived from the proper noun. This song bears strong evidences of communal composition. The stanzas have no fixed order: any one may be sung at any time during the dance, if the fore-singer thinks fit. The rhyme-scheme, although a very simple one, is frequently lost sight of as the fore-singer, feeling that the dance must go on, is obliged from time to time to improvise words to accompany his action. I have often engaged in this dance, and have seen the process of such communal composition. The game is played as follows: the boys choose their partners from among the girls, and the couples arrange themselves along the walls of the room in which the dance is to take place. There is one boy, however, who has no partner. He begins the song, skips across the room to the time of the music, and steals the girl of his choice from the boy who is with her. This boy then becomes the fore-singer, and steals another girl, or sometimes brings back the girl who has been taken from him. The fore-singer determines what verse shall be sung, the crowd joining in with him as soon as possible. He often sings just what happens to come into his head at the time, his best verses, of course, being remembered, and used again the next time the game is played. Cf. the account of this game in *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxv, p. 270.



I'll have her back in spite of you; etc.

Gone again; skip to my Lou; etc.

Sweet as a pop-paw punkin-pie; etc.

Pigs in the 'tater-patch, skip to my Lou; etc.

She wears shoes number two; etc.

Stand like a fool,<sup>1</sup> skip to my Lou; etc.

B

(From Indiana; country whites; MS. of Mr. Davidson; 1908).]

Dad's old hat and Mam's old shoe; etc.

C

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of R. J. Slay; 1909)

Lost my partner, what will I do?

Get me another one; skip-tum-i-loo.

If I can't get a jaybird, a redhead will do; etc.

D

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Miss Annie Reedy; 1909)

Lead 'em up and lead 'em down; etc.

Swing her on the corner; etc.

Sweetheart skipped me; etc.

Black-eyed pretty one; etc.

2. SHOOT THE BUFFALO <sup>2</sup>

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of R. J. Slay; 1909)

The boys will plough and hoe,  
And the girls will sit and sew,  
And we'll circle in the canebrake,  
And shoot the buffalo.

*Chorus*

Oh! we'll shoot the buffalo; (*twice*)  
We'll circle through the canebrake,  
And shoot the buffalo.

The girls will sit and spin,  
And the boys will fight like men;<sup>3</sup>  
And we'll circle through the canebrake,  
And shoot the buffalo.

<sup>1</sup> When the fore-singer hesitates to choose, the crowd sings, "Stand like a fool," etc.

<sup>2</sup> A dance-game common also in East Tennessee.

<sup>3</sup> Rhyming with "spin." In southern Alabama and southern Mississippi, all short *e*'s are pronounced as short *i* in "pin."

3. MOLLY, PUT THE KETTLE ON<sup>1</sup>

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)

Molly, put the kittle on, (*thrice*)  
 En' less have tea.

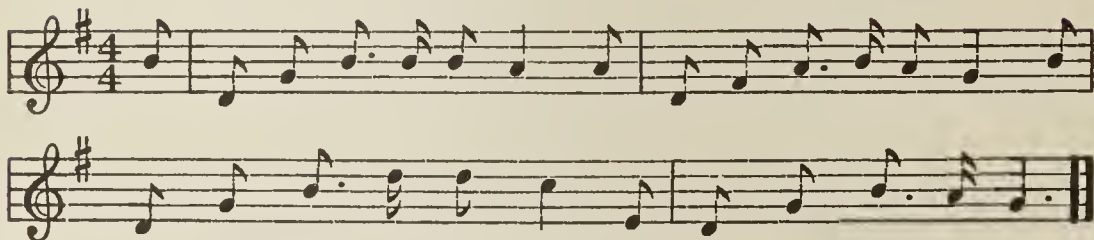
Molly, put the kittle on,  
 Jenny, blow the dinner-horn,  
 Molly, put the kittle on,  
 En' less have tea.

Slice the bread an' butter fine,  
 Slice enough fer forty-nine,  
 Molly, put the kittle on,  
 En' less have tea.

4. LOVE HAS WON THE DAY<sup>2</sup>

A

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)



Go forth en' face yer lover, (*thrice*)  
 Fer love has won the day.

He kneels because he loves yer, etc.

He measures his love to show yer, etc.

It breaks his heart to leave yer, etc.

B

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Miss Sims; 1909)

We're marching round the levy,  
 For we have gained the day.

Go in and out the window, etc.

Go forth and chase your lover, etc.

I measure my love to show you, etc.

One kiss before I leave you, etc.

<sup>1</sup> I have not seen in print these stanzas of the well-known song. They are used in the game called "Drop the Handkerchief." The players, holding hands, move in a circle, their faces toward the centre. A girl stands on the outside of the circle, and drops her handkerchief behind some boy. As soon as he sees it, he leaves his place in the circle and chases the girl, who attempts to run around the group and get back to the place left vacant by the boy. If the boy catches the girl before she reaches this place, he kisses her.

<sup>2</sup> A version of "Round about the Village" (Gomme, *Traditional Games*, vol. ii. p. 122), though the music is different. Cf. also *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xv, p. 195 (Florida), and *Berea Quarterly* (October, 1910), p. 28, with this characteristic verse, "I'll break my neck, or kiss you."

5. GREEN GRAVEL<sup>1</sup>

(From Mississippi; country whites; recitation of Mrs. Brown; 1909)

Green gravel, green gravel, how green the grass grows,  
That all the fern nations are ashamed to be seen.

Miss Mary, Miss Mary, your true-love is dead;  
He sent you a letter; so turn back your head!

6. CHARLOTTE TOWN

(From Mississippi; country whites; recitation of Mrs. Brown; 1909)

Charlotte Town is burnin' down,  
Good-by! good-by!  
Burning down to the groun',  
Good-by! good-by!

Oh, ain't yuh mighty sorry?  
Good-by! good-by!  
Oh, ain't yuh might sorry?  
Good-by! good-by.

7. RING AROUND THE ROSES<sup>2</sup>

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)

Ring around the roses,  
A bottle full uv posies,  
Squat by Joses.

8. JOLLY MILLER<sup>3</sup>

(From East Tennessee; country whites; from memory; 1912)

Hands on the hopper, en' hands on the slab;  
En' every time yer turn aroun', grab, boys, grab!

9. I LOST MY GLOVE<sup>4</sup>

(From East Tennessee; country whites; from memory; 1912)

I lost my glove yestiddy, en' found it to-day;  
'Twas all full uv mud, en' I flung it away.

<sup>1</sup> Given, in a slightly different version, in Gomme (*Traditional Games*, vol. i, p. 171). Judge C. B. Seymour, Louisville, Ky., says, "I played it nearly sixty years ago." He gives as his version:—

"Green gravel, green gravel, the grass grows so green;  
Free mason, free mason, ashamed to be seen," etc.,

where "free mason" is a corruption for "fair maiden." "Gravel," he suggests, is the diminutive of "grave." "The children ages ago forgot that they were playing funeral, and walking around the little grave of the fair maiden, and one by one turning away."

<sup>2</sup> The players, holding hands, move in a circle. At the word "squat," all sit down. The last one down is made to tell his sweetheart's name. This is done sometimes by forcing him to answer the following question: "If you had on top of the house Mary A. and Nellie B. and Fanny C., which one would you throw down and break her neck? which would you leave for the buzzards to eat? and which would you bring down in your pocket?"

<sup>3</sup> A version of the well-known game of "The Jolly Miller." Cf. Gomme, *l. c.*, vol. i, p. 290.

<sup>4</sup> Played as "Drop the Handkerchief" is played.



## 10. AMONG THE LILY-WHITE DANDIES

(From Virginia; children in Richmond; MS. of Mrs. Longest; 1909)

What would you give to know her name,<sup>1</sup>  
 Know her name, know her name?  
 What would you give to know her name  
 Among the lily-white dandies?

Mary is her first name,  
 First name, first name,  
 Mary is her first name  
 Among the lily-white dandies.

Smith is her last name,  
 Last name, etc.

What would you give to know his name,  
 Know his name, etc.

John is his first name,  
 First name, etc.

Jones is his last name,  
 Last name, etc.

Now poor John is dead and gone,  
 Dead and gone, etc.

Left poor Mary a widow  
 A widow, etc.

Where shall we bury him,  
 Bury him, etc.

Up in the cookoo-yard,  
 Cookoo-yard, etc.

Twenty-four lilies at his feet,  
 At his feet, etc.

11. FROG IN THE MIDDLE<sup>2</sup>

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)

Frog in the middle, en' 'e can't get out;  
 Take a little stick en' stir 'im about.

12. I SPY<sup>3</sup>

A

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)

A bushel er wheat en' er bushel er rye;  
 All ain't ready, holler "I."

<sup>1</sup> For this line, cf. Gomme, *l. c.*, vol. ii, p. 84.<sup>2</sup> A well-known game, in which the one in the middle of the circle slips out while the players have their eyes shut, and hides. Cf. *Dialect Notes*, vol. iii, p. 80.<sup>3</sup> For other versions, cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. iv, p. 226; vol. vi, p. 131.

A bushel er wheat, er bushel er clover;  
All ain't hid can't hide over.

One, two, three, look out fer me!<sup>1</sup>  
I'm coming!

B

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909)

A bushel of wheat and a bushel of oats;  
All that ain't hid, holler "Billy goat!"

C

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Ben Bell; 1908)

Bushel of wheat and a bushel of rye;  
All in three feet of my base I spy.

D

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of M. T. Aldrich; 1908)

One, two, three, look out for me!  
I'm going to find you, wherever you be.

One, two, three, look out for me!  
You'd better hide before I can see.

One, two, three, look out for me!  
I see you behind that big tree.

All that ain't hid will say "I;"  
Those that are hid, please don't lie.

13. WILLIAM TRIMBLETOE<sup>2</sup>

A

(From Virginia; white children; from memory; 1909)

Rimety, trimety, he's a good man,  
Ketches hens an' puts 'em in pens;  
Some lay eggs, an' some don't.  
Wire brier, limber lock  
Sits an' sings till twelve o'clock;  
O-U-T spells out,  
With — his — long — snout.

B

(From Mississippi; country children, white; from recitation of C. Longest; 1909)

William Trimbletoe, he's a good fisherman,  
Kitchens hins an' puts 'em in pins;  
Some lay iggs, an' some none.

<sup>1</sup> In the game of "Hiding the Switch," the hider uses the words "Bread and butter, come to supper," to call the others to the search. Cf. Gomme, *l. c.*, vol. i. p. 353.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. *Dialect Notes*, vol. iii, p. 388. For a study of counting-out rhymes, cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. i, p. 31.

Wire brier, limber lock,  
 Three geese in a flock;  
 Some flew east, an' some flew wist,  
 An' some flew over the cuckoo's nist.  
 O-U-T spills out,  
 You old dirty dish-clout,  
 You go!

## 14. ENY MENY MINY MO

## A

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of F. R. Rubel; 1909)

Eny meny miny mo<sup>1</sup>  
 Catch a nigger by the toe;  
 If he hollers, let him go,  
 Eny meny miny mo!  
  
 Eny meny miny mo!  
 Catch a nigger by the toe;  
 If he hollers, make him pay  
 Fifty dollars every day.

## B

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of J. R. Anderson; 1909)

Eny meny miny mo!  
 Crack a fenny, finny, fo!  
 Um a wootsy, pop a tootsy,  
 Rick, stick, band, do!

15. WUN A ME NOORY<sup>2</sup>

(From Virginia; Richmond children; recitation of Mrs. Longest; 1909)

Wun a me noory, ikka me Ann.  
 Fillis an follis, Nicholas, Jan.  
 Weever, wover, queever, quover,  
 Sinktum, Sanktum, Buck.

16. THE OLD WOMAN<sup>3</sup>

## A

(From Pennsylvania; Quakers; recitation of Mrs. C. Brown; 1909)

There was an old woman all skin an' bones . . .  
 M-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m,  
 An' she went to the church . . .  
 M-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-  
  
 An' when she got to the stile,  
 She thought she'd rest a while.  
  
 An' when she got to the door,  
 She thought she'd rest a little more.

<sup>1</sup> This stanza has been printed many times.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. i, p. 31.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. Halliwell, No. lxxxix. This rhyme is known traditionally also in East Tennessee.



An' when she came within the door,  
She saw a dead man on the floor — Boo!

B

(From Kentucky; whites; MS. of C. B. Seymour; 1912)

There was an old crone lived all alone,  
Just like unto another old crone.

She went unto the church one day  
To hear the parson preach and pray.

She look-ed up, she look-ed down;  
She saw a corp<sup>1</sup> upon the groun'.

She look-ed unto the parson, and said,  
"Shall I look so when I am dead?"

The parson look-ed to her, and said,  
"You will look so when you are dead."

She look-ed unto the parson, and said,  
"Boo!"

17. OLD MARIAH<sup>2</sup>

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of W. C. Stokes)

Old Mariah jumped in the fire;  
The fire was so hot, she jumped in the pot;  
The pot was so black, she jumped in the crack;  
The crack was so high, she jumped in the sky;  
The sky was so blue, she jumped in the canoe;  
The canoe was so deep, she jumped in the creek;  
The creek was so shallow, she jumped in the tallow;  
The tallow was so hard, she jumped in the lard;  
The lard was so soft, she jumped in the loft;  
The loft was so rotten, she jumped in the cotton;  
The cotton was so white, she staid all night.

18. THE SWAPPING SONG <sup>3</sup>

(From Kentucky; country whites; MS. sent Mrs. Ewing Marshall from Western  
Kentucky; 1912)

When I was a little boy, I lived by myself,  
And all the bread and cheese I had I left upon the shelf.

*Chorus*

Tum a wing, wong, waddle-ding,  
A Jack Straw, straddle-ding,  
A John fair, faddle ding,  
A long ways home.

<sup>1</sup> The use of the word "corp" seems archaic. I believe the form "corp" is not used outside of Northumberland.

<sup>2</sup> A rhyme of similar character is found in Gomme, *l. c.*, vol. ii, p. 223.

<sup>3</sup> Of course the first four stanzas are traditional from the well-known nursery rhyme; but the rest have been added by the minstrel. The theme of swapping for things of less value is found frequently in folk-tales.



21. SEE-SAW<sup>1</sup>

(From Wisconsin; Madison children; 1909)

See-saw, buckety-waw, for my lady's daughter;  
 Give her a ring and a silver spoon, and let my lady come under.  
 Finger in the sugar-bowl! (*shouted*)

22. SCHOOL BUTTER<sup>2</sup>

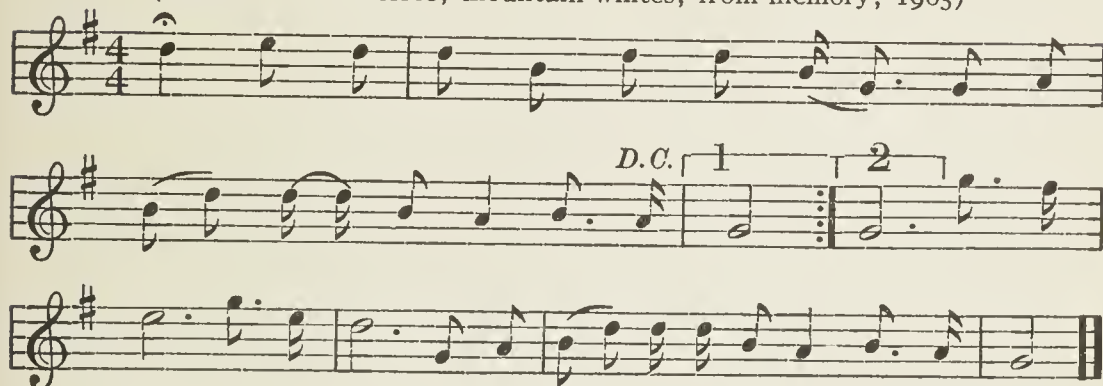
(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1912)

School butter! chicken flutter (or fudder)!  
 Rotten eggs fer yer daddy's supper!

## IV. RELIGIOUS SONGS, AND PARODIES OF RELIGIOUS SONGS

I. WHEN THE LAST TRUMPET SHALL SOUND<sup>3</sup>

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Halliwell, No. ccv; Gomme, *l. c.*, vol. i, p. 100; vols. vii, xii, II, 185.<sup>2</sup> A cry of defiance to a boy who is disgraced by having to go to school. Any school-boy will fight anybody, no matter what his size, who calls "School butter" to him.

It may be interesting to note here, also, that the school-children in Tennessee converse with each other in certain languages supposedly secret. Dog Latin is of two varieties: (1) A language made by the addition of the syllables "-bus" and "-um" to English words; and (2) a language made by the spelling of each word with an alphabet in which the consonants are disguised by adding the vowel "a" and the consonant itself, or by adding the vowel "o" followed by "y." So the word "run" would be pronounced, "rar-u-nan." Both varieties of Dog Latin are hard to follow when they are spoken rapidly; but the children who practise them easily understand them.

Of interest, also, are the mnemonics used in the country singing-schools for the several major keys. "Girls Dread All Evil Boys First" indicates by successive initials the name of the corresponding key for the sharps, and "Four Boys Eat Apple Dumplings Greedily" serves for the flats.

<sup>3</sup> One of the most promising fields for the investigator of the subject of communal composition is that of the religious revivals that are held every year in the mountains of East Tennessee. The people there are of a decidedly religious temperament. At least once a year, every church has a big "meetin'." The preacher usually delivers, on these occasions, an interminable amount of what seems to the uninitiated a mass of emotional rant. If there is more than one preacher present, each of them is expected to preach a sermon. I have known services to last from half-past ten to half-past two on Sundays. Sometimes the evening services are prolonged until nearly daybreak. Sometimes two or three exhorters are talking at one time. Often the sermons are not very intelligible; but the seed falls on good ground, and soon the whole congregation is in an uproar of religious frenzy. I have seen, at these meetings, dozens of people on the floor at one time, wildly



I hope to meet my father there:  
 When the las' trumpet shell saoun', I'll be there!  
 Who used to kneel with me in prayer:  
 When the las' trumpet shell saoun', I'll be there!

I'll be there! I'll be there!  
 I'll be there! I'll be there!  
 When the las' trumpet shell saoun', I'll be there!

I hope to meet my mother there:  
 (*So on, through brother, sister, neighbor, preacher, etc.*)

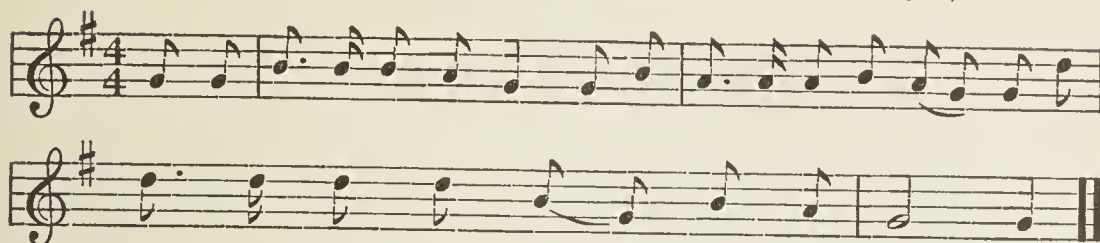
gesticulating, and at the top of their voices shouting the praises of the Lord. This sort of thing is often kept up for hours, usually until the shouters, especially the women, are exhausted almost to the point of fainting, although fainting is an accomplishment of which these sturdy mountain-women know little.

All sorts of queer doctrines flourish among these people. A few years ago the Sanctified Band began to get a hold among them. The Sanctificationists teach that there is a second blessing, or work of grace, without which one cannot be saved. This blessing has the added advantage of enabling its possessor to live a holy and sinless life. The mountain-folk were slow to take hold of this doctrine; and its introduction was bitterly opposed, even to the point of violence. But in some localities it prospered, and its converts were now as violent in its defence as formerly they had been in opposing it. I remember one meeting, held near my home, in which straw was strewn on the floor for the seekers to kneel in, and for the purpose of providing a place for those already sanctified to "die" for their friends, even as Jesus died for sinners. This latter performance consists in falling into a trance, and remaining in such a condition for some hours; the time, of course, varying with the hard-heartedness of the one for whom the exertion is made. This is said to be one of the most powerful means of reclaiming sinners. I know of one girl who lay as dead, in such a trance, for eight hours. Another group was possessed of and practised the "holy dance." The native preachers are universal in their opposition to education. They believe that when they open their mouths, the Lord will take care to fill them with a true message. Education is regarded as a kind of sin. The Hard-shell Baptists are divided into two groups, — the one-seeders and the two-seeders. The latter believe that some men are born of God, and will be saved, regardless of their actions; others are naturally of the seed of the Devil, and can never be saved, no matter how much they may seek God. Matters of religion are of universal concern. It is seldom that a group of mountain-folk get together without discussing doctrinal questions, and reasoning high of Providence, foreknowledge, and other such Puritan subjects. For the mountain-folk are thoroughly conversant with the Bible, and woe to the missionary who comes among them unmindful of its words. "Whut do yer mean!" angrily said a leader of a mountain-clan to a friend of mine who was teaching school in his neighborhood last summer, "Whut do yer mean by tellin' my children that the world is round and the sun stands still? Do yer not know that the Bible says Joshuay made the sun stand still? It must move, then. And do yer not know that the Bible speaks of the four corners of the yearth and the eends of the yearth? How, then, can yer say it is round? Yer ought ter hev little Joshuay dawwn thar in yer school, en' larn him sump'n'!" The country debating-societies usually concern themselves with moral or biblical questions. I know of one case where a four-days' debate was held between what Baptist and Methodist preachers could be collected for the occasion. The subject of dispute was the proper form of baptism. Large and appreciative crowds listened to the arguments for the four days, and went home, each side believing the more firmly in its former position.

When religious revivals are in progress, all differences of locality and all family grudges are, for the time being, wiped out. Those who attend become a homogeneous throng, a

## 2. RISE, MOURNER, RISE

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1912)



## 4. THE PROMISED LAND

## A

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)

I have a father in the Promised Land, (*thrice*)  
Way over in the Promised Land.

## B

(From Mississippi; American Indians; recitation of Mr. C. Longest; 1909)

I have a father in the prag-a-nat-a-la,<sup>1</sup> (*twice*)  
Ni yai yo, niji naiji prag, coji privi in the praganatala.

Je-we-ji privi in the prag-a-nat-a-la, (*twice*)  
Ni yai yo, niji naiji prag, coji privi in the prag-a-nat-a-la.

5. THE OLD-TIME RELIGION<sup>2</sup>

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)

'Tis the ole-time religion, (*thrice*)  
En' it's good enough fer me.

It was good fer our fathers,  
En' it's good enough fer me.

It was good fer our mothers, etc.  
(*So, through all the family relations*)

It was good fer our preacher, etc.

It was good fer our neighbors, etc.

<sup>1</sup> The letters in these Indian words have the sounds given them in the alphabet used by the American Dialect Society. For a similar Indian song, see *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xx, p. 236. Mr. U. H. Smith gives me, from the country whites of Indiana (1908), the refrain from a hymn: —

"I have a father in that kingdom,  
Sittin' on the seat with Jesus."

A friend of Miss Heft reports from Thomasville, Ky., this negro version: —

"My Lord called me and I mus' go  
Way over in the Promised Land;  
I got a mother in the Promised Land,  
I expect to meet her and shake her hand  
Way over in the Promised Land."

<sup>2</sup> Versions of this have been printed in hymn-books; but the origin seems popular. Each locality has its own stanzas. The last two lines show an accretion that came lately in Grainger County, Tennessee. The Sanctificationists taught that the use of tobacco is a sin. Many people, under the stress of their religious feelings, gave it up. The stanza records their feeling. Cf. also the popular rhyme: —

"I do not use the filthy weed;  
I hate the man that sowed the seed."

I remember distinctly when the last stanza was composed. There had been a heavy rain, and only the extremely devout had ventured up the mountain-streams that serve regularly for roads. But these sang, after they reached the church, —

"Makes me wade the mud to meetin'."



It was good fer Paul an' Silas, etc.

(*So, through any number of Bible characters*)

It was tried in the fiery furnace, etc.

It was tried in the den of lions, etc.

Makes me love everybody, etc.

Makes me happy, soul en' body, etc.

Makes me want to go to Heaven, etc.

Makes me hate the snuff en' the dipper, etc.

Makes me wade the mud to meetin', etc.

6. OLE-TIME CO'N LICKER<sup>1</sup>

(From South Carolina; negroes; MS. of H. M. Bryan; 1909)

Give me that ol'-time co'n lick, (*thrice*)

It's good enough fer me.

It was good enough fer father, etc.

It was made in Hickory hollow, etc.

It's good enough fer the mountains, etc.

It'll cost you two per gallon, etc.

It'll make you feel like fightin', etc.

7. I FOUND A PEANUT<sup>2</sup>

(From Mississippi; college-boys; MS. of F. R. Rubel; 1908)

I found a peanut, (*twice*)

I found a peanut just now,

(Just now I found a peanut,

I found a peanut just now).

Where did you find it? etc.

What did you do with it? etc.

I broke it open, etc.

What was in it? etc.

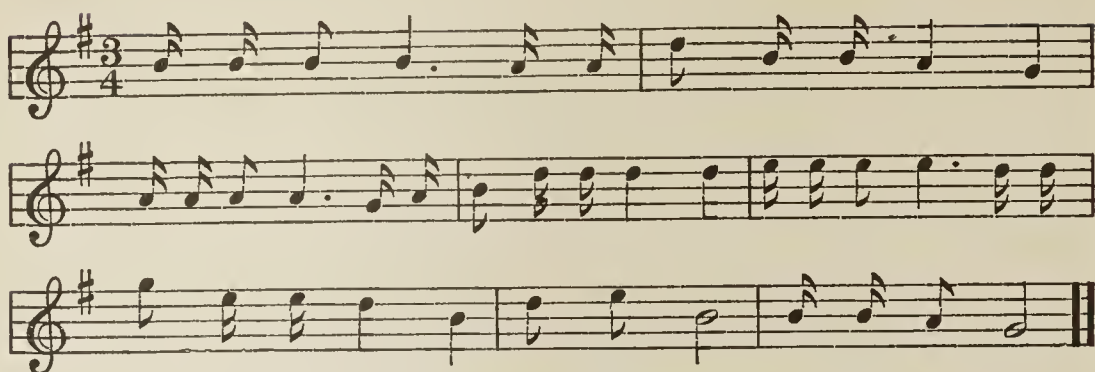
It was empty, etc.

<sup>1</sup> Of course, the profane are constantly making parodies of the genuinely religious songs. This represents the negroes as "celebrating the lick."

<sup>2</sup> Here we see the college-boys parodying and building up by communal composition something like a story. This was sung to the tune of "Come to Jesus," a song which is itself of folk-origin, I think.

## 8. SINNERS WILL CRY

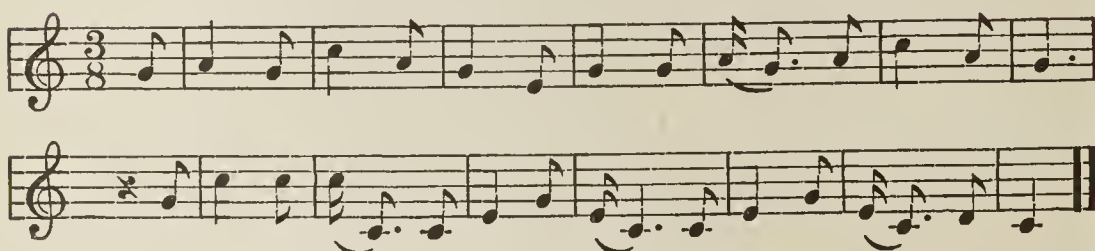
(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)



Sinners will cry fer the rocks in the mountains, (*thrice*)  
 When the las' trumpet shell saoun'.

## 9. YOU MUST BE BORND AGIN

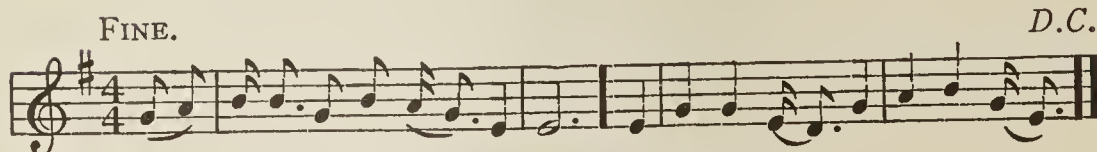
(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1912)



You must be bornd agin, agin;  
 You must be bornd agin;  
 Without a change, you can't be saved;  
 You must be bornd agin.

## 10. I AM GOING TO THE GRAVE TO SLEEP

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1912)



I am goin' tew the grave tew sleep, —  
 Tew sleep that sleep, that long, sweet sleep;  
 I am goin' tew the grave to sleep.

## 11. THE RAM'S HORN BLOWED

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)

The ram's horn blowed; the children did shout;  
 The winders flew open, en' they all looked out.  
 O John! sing hallelulyer!  
 O John! sing hallelulyer!  
 Fer the spirit uv the Lord has fell upon me.

We took the little baby to the new buryin'-groun',  
En' there we laid its little body down,  
O John! sing hallelulyer!  
O John! sing hallelulyer!  
Fer the spirit uv the Lord has fell upon me.

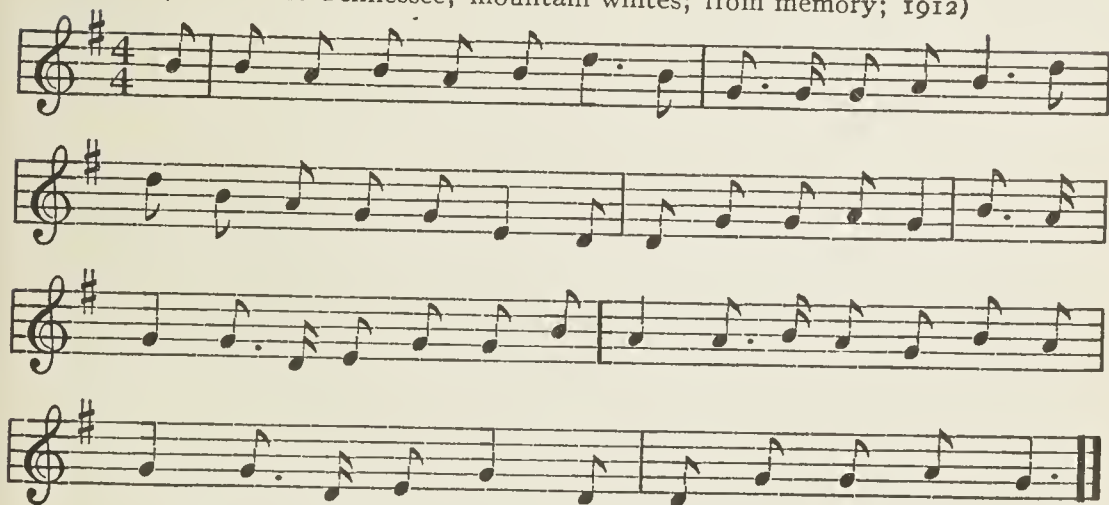
12. HUNTIN' A HOME TO GO TO

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)

When I was young en' a mourner like you,  
I was huntin' a home to go to;  
I never stopped till I got through,<sup>1</sup>  
I was huntin' a home to go to.

13. LORD, I WANT MORE RELIGION

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1912)



Religion makes me happy, en' then I want to go  
To leave this world of sorrer en' trouble hyeur below.  
Lord, I want more religion (*thrice*)  
To help me on to God.

14. METHODIST

(From Virginia; country whites; from memory; 1912)

Methodist, Methodist, while I live,  
Methodist till I die;  
Been baptized in the faith,  
An' fed on Methodist pie.

15. MATTHEW, MARK, LUKE, AND JOHN<sup>2</sup>

(From Virginia; country whites; from memory; 1912)

Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,  
Saddle the cat, an' I'll get on;  
Gimme a stick, an' I'll lay on;  
Open the gate, an' I'll be gone.

<sup>1</sup> The technical term for "getting religion."

<sup>2</sup> Evidently a mnemonic for remembering the evangelists. Cf. Halliwell, No. clxxx, and Chambers, p. 149.



## 16. NEBUCHADNEZZAR

## A

(From Virginia; country whites; from memory; 1912)

Nebuchadnezzar, the king of the Jews,  
Bought his grandmother a new pair of shoes.

## B

(From Massachusetts; Boston; 1912)

Nebuchadnezzar, the king of the Jews,  
Took off his stockings and spit in his shoes.

## 17. HICKORY STEEPLE

(From Kentucky; whites; 1912)

Ez I wuz goin' to Hickory Steeple,  
There I met some cullud people;  
Some wuz black, en' some wuz blackuh,  
En' some wuz black ez a chaw uv terbacuh.

18. JESSE COLE<sup>1</sup>

(From Kentucky; mountain whites; taken down from singing by E. N. Caldwell; 1912)

To one and all, both great and small, this story I will unfold;  
It makes me sad to think about the doom of Jesse Cole.  
They lodged him in the Knoxville jail; it is a dreadful charge;  
He says that he is innocent of killing Samuel Large.

It's true it's sad to think of such a death to die;  
Yet men could shun those reckless crowds, if they would only try.  
Cole has a wife and children to leave as many a man has done.  
Those bloody works for which he is to hang some other might have done.

He says upon the witness-stand they swore his life away.  
Every knee shall bow and tongue confess at the coming judgment-day,  
In the gloomy walls confined to stay until that dreadful hour,  
And then his soul must fly away to meet the Higher Power.

All on that day his devoted friends will stand around, perhaps his troubled  
wife,

This enough to make the sinner turn to live a better life.  
Parents teach your children while in the tender years [youth?]  
To try to shun all evils and always tell the truth.  
Teach them there is a God to fear, it's always best to think,<sup>2</sup>  
Also beware of gambling-cards, and always shun strong drink.

God fixed a way for all to live; He suffered on the cross,  
Grace to every soul he gives; He would that none be lost;

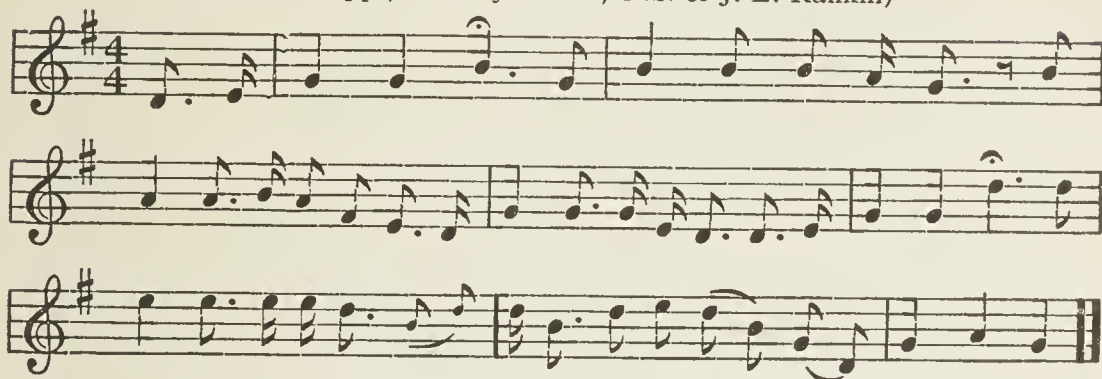
<sup>1</sup> A moral ballad rather than a hymn. Its source is not necessarily the preacher. It comes, more probably, from the moral consciousness of the folk. The manuscript has the note, "Composed by W. M. Day. From Tennessee, Old."

<sup>2</sup> With something of the Elizabethan sense.

Be innocent or guilty, on God he must rely:  
The twenty-first of December they have set for Cole to die.  
All on that day they'll crowd around close by the window tent  
To hear the last words of a man whose life is at an end.<sup>1</sup>

19. I'VE A LONG TIME HEARD

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of J. E. Rankin)



I've a long time heard the sun will be bleeding,  
The sun will be bleeding, the sun will be bleeding,  
I've a long time heard the sun will be bleeding:  
Sinner, where will you stand in that day?

I've a long time heard the angels will be singing, etc.

I've a long time heard the devils will be howling, etc.

I've a long time heard sinners would be crying, etc.

20. DON'T YER HEAR DEM BELLS?

(From Alabama; negroes; MS. of W. O. Scroggs; 1908)

Wukking all day in de cotton an' de corn,  
Wid my feet an' my han's so so',  
Looking fer ole Gab'l to blow his horn,  
So I won't hab ter wuk no mo'.

Don't yer hear dem bells? (Yes, my Lord!)

Don't yer hear dem bells? (Yes, my Lord!)

Dey are ringin' up de glory ob de morn.

Hallelujah!

Don't yer hear dem bells? (Yes, my Lord!)

Don't yer hear dem bells? (Yes, my Lord!)

Dey are ringin' up de glory ob de morn.

21. SO GLAD

(From North Carolina; negroes; MS. of W. O. Scroggs; 1908)

So-o glad! So-o glad!

What are you so glad about?

Sins forgiven an' my soul sot free!

So-o glad! So-o glad!

<sup>1</sup> Pronounced regularly "ent."

## 22. SATAN'S MAD

## A

(From North Carolina; negroes; MS. of W. O. Scroggs; 1908)

Satan's mad and I am glad;<sup>1</sup>  
 What yer gwine do when yer git dere?  
 He missed dat soul he thought he had;  
 What yer gwine do when yer git dere?

Hoe yer corn, hoe yer corn. Moses!  
 Hoe yer corn!  
 What yer gwine do when yer git dere?

## B

(From Alabama; negroes; MS. of W. O. Scroggs; 1908)

Satan's mad and I am glad;  
 Sunshine, sunshine, sunshine, in my face dis mornin',  
 Sunshine in my face.  
 He missed dat soul he thought he had;  
 Sunshine, sunshine, etc.

## C

(From Virginia; ?; from memory; 1909)

Ole Satan's got an iron shoe;  
 If you don't min', he'll put it on you.

## 23. THE LITTLE ANGELS

(From Alabama; negroes; MS. of W. O. Scroggs; 1908)

Dere's one, dere's two, dere's three, little angels,  
 Dere's four, dere's five, dere's six, little angels,  
 Dere's seven, dere's eight, dere's nine, little angels,  
 Dere's ten little angels in de band.

*Chorus*

I'se gwine Sunday mornin', (*thrice*)  
 Sunday mornin' fair.

Dere's 'leben, dere's twelve, thirteen, little angels,  
 Fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, little angels,  
 Sebenteen, eighteen, nineteen, little angels,  
 Dere's twenty little angels in de band.

## 24. O DEATH!

(From Eastern North Carolina; negroes; MS. of W. O. Scroggs; 1908)

Sinner, I come to you by Hebbin's decree;  
 This very night you must go wid me.

"O-o death! O-o death!  
 How kin I go wid you?"

<sup>1</sup> Cf. the popular rhyme, which I have heard both in North Carolina and in Massachusetts:—

"Charlie's mad en' I am glad, en' I know whut'll please him;  
 A bottle uv ink fuh him to drink, en' a pretty girl to squeeze him."



"Jes' like a flower in its bloom,  
Why should you cut me down so soon?

O-o death! O-o death!  
How kin I go wid you?"

25. DONE WRIT DOWN YO' NAME

(From Alabama; negroes; MS. of W. O. Scroggs; 1908)

Rise, mourner, rise, and don't be ashame';  
Fer Jesus Christ, de Lamb of God,  
Done writ down yo' name.

"I believe it!"<sup>1</sup> (*Shouted by the preacher*)

Done writ down yo' name.

"Up in Heaven!"

Done writ down yo' name.

"On de Lamb's Book!"

Done writ down yo' name.

I hear dem bells a-ringin';  
It's time fer me to go;  
De hebbenly breakfast waitin'  
On de hebbenly sho'.

"I believe it!"

Done writ down *my* name. etc.

26. MY GOOD LAWD

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of R. J. Slay; 1909)

Oh, ain't dat a mighty wonder!  
Oh, ain't dat a mighty talk!  
To see dat man wid de palsy  
Pick up his bed, an' walk.

My good Lawd been here, bless my soul! an' gone away.

Oh! when I get's up in de Heaben,  
I'se gwine stan' on de sea ob glass,  
An' make my inquisition,  
Hab I got home at last!

27. OH! WHAR SHALL I BE?

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909)

Oh! whar shall I be when de great trumpet soun'?  
Oh! whar shall I be when it soun' so loud? —  
When it soun' so loud, de dead will all arise,  
Oh! whar shall I be when it soun'?

Oh! whar shall I be when de dinner-horn blow?  
Oh! whar shall I be when it blow so loud? —  
When it blow so loud, de hungry'll ali feel proud,<sup>2</sup>  
Oh! whar shall I be when it sound?

<sup>1</sup> We have here the beginning of a kind of religious drama.

<sup>2</sup> "Proud" in the sense of "happy" is common in the South.

## 28. THIS WORK IS 'MOST DONE

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909)

We are climbin' Jacob's ladder, (*thrice*)  
For this work is 'most done.

Preachers, don't get weary, etc.

Every round goes higher, etc.

Brethren, don't get weary, etc.

Keep your lamps trimmed and burnin', etc.

Sisters, don't get weary, etc.

## 29. MY LORD, HE DIED ON DE CROSS

(From North Carolina; negroes; MS. of W. O. Scroggs; 1908)

Yonder come chillun dressed in white;<sup>1</sup>  
Look lak de chillun ob de Israelite.

*Refrain*

My Lord, he died on de cross.

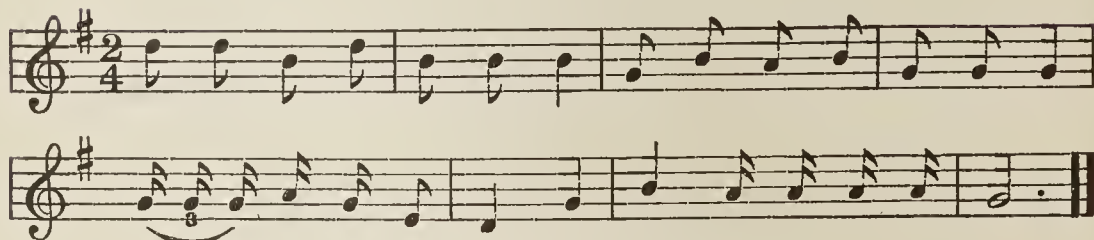
Yonder come chillun dressed in red;  
Look lak chillun what Moses led.

Yonder come chillun dressed in black;  
Look lak de hypercrits turnin' back.

30. PHARAOH'S ARMY GOT DROWNED<sup>2</sup>

A

(From East Tennessee; negroes; from memory; 1905)



Who's dat comin', all dressed in red?  
One uh dem people dat Pharaoh led.  
Pharaoh's army got drowned,  
O Mary! don't yuh weep.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiii, p. 437.

<sup>2</sup> "Pharaoh's Army" was popular all over the South some fifteen or twenty years ago. It certainly must have circulated in printed form. But, even if its origin be in a machine-made ballad, it is now in the possession of the folk, and has had added to it some assuredly popular stanzas. I have heard a large number of more or less obscene verses sung to this music, such as those that follow the lead of—

"I've got a girl in Baltimore;  
Street-car runs right by her door."

"I've got a gal in Jellico;  
She don't write to me no more."

O Mary! don't yuh weep, don't yuh mone;  
Pharaoh'll come en' take yuh home.

Pharaoh's army got drowned,  
O Mary! don't you weep.

If I could, I really would,  
Stan' on de rock where Moses stood.

Pharaoh's army, etc.

Some uh dese nights, 'bout twelve uh clock,  
Dis ole wo'l 's gwine tuh reel an' rock.

Pharaoh's army, etc.

B

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of F. R. Rubel; 1909)

If I could, I surely would,  
Stand on the rock where Moses stood.

Pharaoh's army got drowned.

*Chorus*

O Mary! don't you weep, don't you moan, (*twice*)  
Pharaoh's army, got drowned.

O Mary! don't you weep no more.

Wake up, Mary, and turn on the light;  
See the monkey and the polecat fight.

Way up yonder, where the light shines bright,  
They don't [need] any electric lights.

You ride the billy goat and I ride the mule;  
First one get to Heaven can sit in the cool.

C

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Ben Bell; 1909)

I went up yonder last Saturday night  
To see the devil and a tiger fight.

Pharaoh's army got drowned,

O Mary! don't you weep.

31. YOU SHALL BE FREE

A

(From South Carolina; negroes; MS. of South Carolina lady; 1909)

There was a moanish lady  
Lived in a moanish land,  
And she had a moanish daughter,  
Who could moan at de Lord's command.

*Chorus*

Moanish lady, an' you shall be free!<sup>1</sup>  
Oh! moanish honey, an' you shall be free!  
Oh! moanish nigger, an' you shall be free,  
W'en de good Lord calls you home.

<sup>1</sup> With this chorus, cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiv, p. 376.



Oh! warn't Mr. Noah de foolish man  
To build his house on de sinking of de san';  
Along come de rain, an' den come de hail,  
And den come de elephant widout any tail.

Funny animal, an' you shall be free, etc.

Oh! my gal Sal, she am de card!  
She wark right out in de white folks yard;  
She cook de goose, and she gib me de stuffing,  
An' she think I'm a-wukkin'  
W'en I ain't a-doin' nuffin'.

Lazy nigger, an' you shall be free, etc.

Ef you want to go to Heben, an' you don' know what to do,  
Jes' grease yourself wif a mutton stew;  
Along come de Debbil, an' he take you by de han',  
But you slip right thru to the Promise' Lan'.

Slippery nigger, an' you shall be free, etc.

## B

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Ben Bell; 1909)

If you want to go to Heaven, I'll tell you what to do:  
Just grease all over with a mutton soo.<sup>1</sup>  
Then if the Devil gets after you with his greasy hand,  
Just slide right over into the Promised Land.

### 32. UNCLE EPHRAIM GOT DE COON

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of R. J. Slay; 1909)

As I was coming through my field,  
A black snake bit me on de heel;  
Dey carried me home, and laid me on de bed;  
De ole folks said, "Dat nigger is dead."

Uncle Eph'm got de coon and gone on, gone on, gone on,  
Uncle Eph'm got de coon and gone on,  
And left me watching up de tree.

What kind of shoes did de angels wear,  
Slipping and sliding through de air?  
A great big shoe and a gov'mint sox:  
Just drap all de money in de missionary-box.

Uncle Eph'm, etc.

### 33. OLD NOAH

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of F. R. Rubel; 1909)

Here's old Norah,<sup>1</sup>  
Stick him in the bosom; (*thrice*)  
Here's old Norah, stick him in the bosom,  
And let old Norah go.

<sup>1</sup> For this spelling, cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiii, p. 435.

Here's old Norah's daughter,  
Stick her in the bosom; (*thrice*)  
Here's old Norah's daughter, stick her in the bosom,  
And let old Norah go.

Here's a long giraffe,  
Stick him, etc.

Here's a humped-back camel,  
Stick him, etc.

Here's a great big elephant,  
Stick him, etc.

Here's a little monkey,  
Stick him, etc.

Here's a big kangaroo,  
Stick him in the bosom: (*thrice*)

The flood is all over,  
Let old Norah go.<sup>1</sup>

34. ADAM WAS THE FIRST MAN

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of F. R. Rubel; 1909)

Adam was the first man that ever was invented;  
He lived all alone, and he never grew co[n]tent<sup>2</sup>.  
Along come Eve, and they had a battle;  
Sot up a tree, and they fotched down an apple;  
They fotched down two, and each took one,  
And ever since then the trouble begun.

Along come Noah, stumbling in the dark;  
Picked up a hammer, and built himself an ark;  
In come the animals, two by two, —  
The hippo hippo potumus and the kikangaroo.

35. JONAH

(From Indiana; country whites; MS. of Mr. Davidson; 1908)

A whale come along, and he was a snorter;  
He lifted old Jonah right out of the water.

Old Jonah, like a fool, got as stubborn as a mule;  
But the whale made him quickly disappear.

Jonah's knife out he drew, and he cut the whale in two,  
And he floated to the shore on his ear.

36. THE LORD MADE THE OCEAN

(From Indiana; country whites; MS. of Mr. Davidson; 1908)

The Lord he made the ocean,  
And then he made the whale,  
And then he made a raccoon  
With a ring around his tail.

<sup>1</sup> The negroes are very fond of telling in verse stories from the Bible.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xii, p. 250, where Adam is represented as wanting a wife.

## 37. THE ELEPHANT

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of J. E. Rankin; 1909)

God Almighty made an elephant,  
 He made him big and stout;  
 But the elephant was not satisfied  
 Till God Almighty made him a snout.

38. GOD MADE DE BEE<sup>1</sup>

A

(From East Tennessee; negroes; from memory; 1905)

God made de bee, and de bee made honey;  
 God made man, an' de man made money;  
 God made Satan, an' Satan made sin;  
 God made a hole, an' rolled Satan in.

B

(From Kentucky; negroes; recitation of Miss Josephine McGill; 1912)

Satan got mad, an' said he wouldn't stay;  
 God tol' Satan that he couldn't get away.

## 39. CAIN AND ABEL

(From Virginia; negroes; MS. given me by E. N. Caldwell; 1912)

Some folks say that Cain killed Abel;<sup>2</sup>  
 Yes, my Lord!  
 He hit him in the head with the leg of a table;  
 Yes, my Lord!

Starry light and starry crown,  
 I'll be ready when the worl' turns round,  
 I'll be ready, I'll be ready, Lord;  
 I'll be ready when the world turns round.

40. OH, MY SOUL!<sup>3</sup>

(From South Carolina; negroes; MS. given me by E. N. Caldwell; 1912)

Oh, my soul, my soul! I'm going to rest  
 In the arms of the angel Ga-bri-el!  
 An' I'll climb on the hill, an' I'll look to the west,  
 An' I'll cross the river Jordan to the land.

<sup>1</sup> The song of which this is a fragment is known in Virginia and Indiana.<sup>2</sup> With this account of the first murder, cf. the song (rather of the broadside type) which I heard a travelling singer give at a party in East Tennessee some fifteen years ago:—

"I am a highly educated man;  
 To keep my brains within my head I plan;  
 I've been on earth so long, that I sung this little song  
 When Abraham and Isaac rushed the can.  
 I saw Cain when he killed Abel in the glade,  
 And I know the game was poker that they played;  
 But there is where's the rub, did he kill him with a club?  
 Oh, no! he only hit him with a spade."

I believe this has already found its way to the college song-book.



An' I'll sit me down in my old armchair,  
An' of burdens yonder I'll never tire;  
An' I'll hear old Satan sneeze, but I'll take my ease;  
An' I'll warm myself by the holy fire.

An' I'll shout, an' I'll dance,  
An' I'll rise up early in the morn;  
Oh, my friends, my friends! I'll be there on time,  
When old Gabriel am a-blowing of his horn.

41. GOD'S HEAVEN<sup>1</sup>

(From Kentucky; negroes; MS. written for Miss Heft; 1912)

David play on your harp, hallelu', hallelu'!

I got a crown, you got a crown, all God's chillun got a crown;  
When I get to Heaven, I'm goin' a-put on my crown, and shout all over  
God's Heaven.

I got shoes, you, etc.

When I get to Heaven, I'm goin' a-put on my shoes, and walk all over  
God's Heaven.

Everybody talking 'bout Heaven — ain't going there!  
Heaven! we'll shout all over God's Heaven.

42. TALK ABOUT ME

(From Kentucky; negroes; MS. written for Miss Heft; 1912)

Talk about me, talk about you,  
Talk about everybody;  
Thank God Almighty, if the Bible's true,  
Ain't no talkers in Heaven.

Lie on me, lie on you,  
Lie on everybody;  
The angels in Heaven done wrote it down,  
There ain't no liars in Heaven.

43. YOU'RE GOIN-A-MISS ME

(From Kentucky; negroes; MS. written for Miss Heft; 1912)

I went into the wilderness,  
And I didn't go to stay;  
My soul got happy,  
And I staid all day.  
Church, I know you're goin-a-miss me when I'm gone.

<sup>1</sup> As will be seen, there is neither rhyme nor metre to this. Such is the case with a large number of negro songs; they are made up of just a string of emotional language sung to some simple melody. Sometimes a rhyme creeps in, and now and then a line is smoothed down to metrical form. If the song is good enough to survive, it is improved sometimes by successive singers, until it reaches something like poetic form. But *this* and other songs in this manuscript will serve to show how rude are the beginnings.

I went by the graveyard,  
 To take a little walk;  
 Me and King Jesus  
 Had a little talk.  
 Friend, I know you're goin-a-miss me when I'm gone.

*Chorus*

You're goin-a-miss me by my walk,  
 You're goin-a-miss me by my talk,  
 Yes, I know you're goin-a-miss me when I'm gone.

44. GOIN' HOME

(From Kentucky; negroes; MS. written for Miss Heft; 1912)

Get ready, chillun, less go home (*thrice*)  
 On the mornin' train.

When the doctor gives me out,  
 I'm goin' home on the mornin' train.

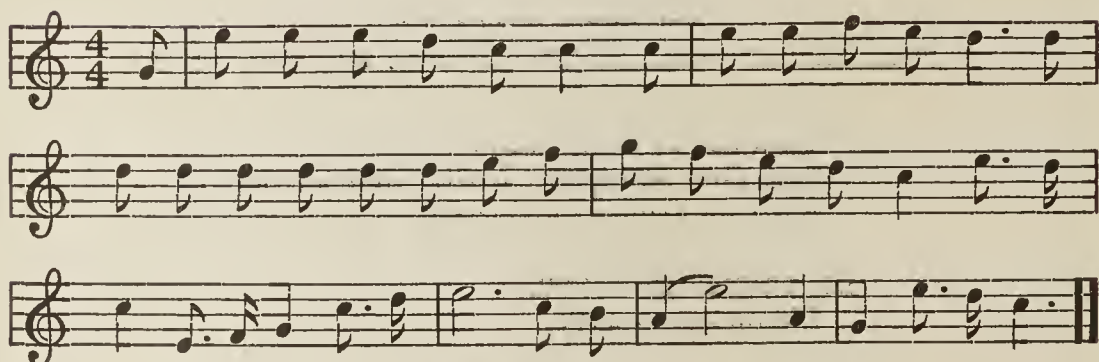
Back the hearse to my door, etc.

I'm sick, and I can't get well, etc.

When you see me enter my grave, etc.

45. WE WILL WAIT ON DE LAWD

(From Virginia; negroes; from memory; 1912)



One day ez I wuz walkin'<sup>1</sup>  
 Along dat lonesome road,  
 My hahuht wuz filled wid' rapture,  
 An' I hyeuhd de voice uv Gawd.

We will wait on de Lawd, we'll wait, we'll wait;  
 We'll wait on de Lawd.

46. NO HIDIN'-PLACE

(From Kentucky; negroes; recitation of Miss A. Howard; 1912)

Dahuh's no hidin'-place daown dah-uh!  
 Uh went tuh de rock tuh hide muh face,  
 De rock said, "Back, no hidin'-place!"  
 Dah-uh's no hidin'-place daown dah-uh!

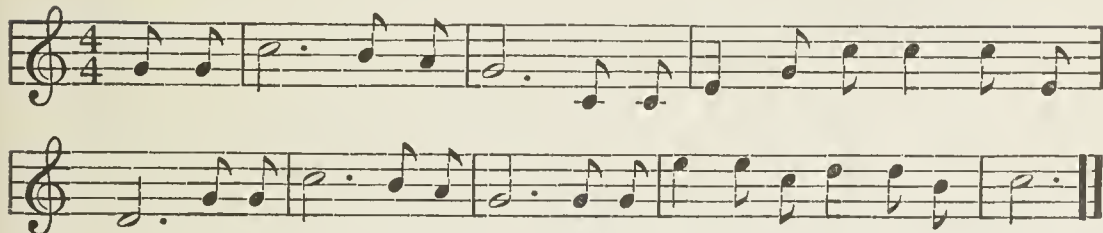
<sup>1</sup> A song beginning in the same way is reported in the *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. x, p. 116.

De sinnuh mæn gamble, en' he fell; (*thrice*)  
 He wanted tuh go tuh Heb'n, but he went tuh hell.  
 De sinnuh mæn stood at de gates u' hell; (*thrice*)  
 De gates flew op'n, en' in he fell.<sup>1</sup>

## V. SONGS CONNECTED WITH THE RAILROAD

I. DRIVIN' STEEL<sup>2</sup>

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)



Drivin' steel, drivin' steel,  
 Drivin' steel, boys, is hard work, I know;  
 Drivin' steel, drivin' steel,  
 Drivin' steel, boys, is hard work, I know.

Treat me right, treat me right,  
 Treat me right, boys, I'm boun' to stay all day;  
 Treat me wrong, treat me wrong,  
 Treat me wrong, boys, I'm boun' to run away.

Boss man, boss man,  
 See the boss man comin' down the line;  
 Boss man, boss man,  
 See the boss man comin' down the line.

2. JOHN HENRY<sup>3</sup>

A

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)



If I could drive steel like John Henry,  
 I'd go home, Baby, I'd go home.

This ole hammer killed John Henry,  
 Drivin' steel, Baby, drivin' steel.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiii, p. 436, for a version of this song.

<sup>2</sup> This song is used by the workmen as they drive the drill into the rock. The rhythm marks the time of the hammer-strokes. The man who "shakes" must know when to turn the drill, and, if there are two striking, they must both necessarily keep good time.

<sup>3</sup> Among the workmen on the railroads in the South there has been formed a considerable body of verse about John Henry, a famous steel-driving man. For one stanza reported from North Carolina, see *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxii, p. 249. The simple form lends itself easily to communal composition.



If I had forty-one<sup>1</sup> dollars,  
 I'd go home, Baby, I'd go home.  
 I'm goin' home, en' tell little Annie  
 Uv my triuls, Baby, uv my triuls.

## B

(From Indiana; ?; MS. of Mr. Davidson)

Did you hear that rain-crow hollering?  
 Sign of rain, Baby, sign of rain.

If I had forty-one dollars,  
 I'd go home, Baby, I'd go home.

## C

(From Mississippi; ?; MS. of R. J. Slay; 1909)

This old hammer killed John Henry,  
 Can't kill me; can't kill me!

This old hammer killed Bill Dooley,  
 Can't kill me; can't kill me!

This old hammer weighs forty pounds, sah!  
 Can't kill me; can't kill me!

## D

(From Mississippi; ?; MS. of W. P. Cassedy; 1909)

John Henry got in his buggy,  
 And tightened up his reins,  
 And passed by those ladies,  
 Like a shower of rain.

John Henry used to sing: "I owe you some money,  
 I haven't got no small change,  
 But I'll bet you five dollars  
 I will see you again."

## E

(From Kentucky; mountain whites; MS. of E. N. Caldwell; 1912)

When John Henry was a little boy,  
 Sitting on his papa's knee,  
 Was a-lookin down at a piece of steel,  
 "For a steel-driving man I want to be."

When they take John Henry down to the tunnel,  
 Well, they set him head for to drive;  
 For the rocks so tall, John Henry was so small,  
 Threw down his hammer, and he cried.

Well, they set John Henry on the right-hand corner,  
 A steam-driller was on the left;  
 "Before I let the steam-driller hammer me down,  
 I'll hammer my fool self to death.

<sup>1</sup> A favorite number with the folk; cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxii, p. 243.

"If I die a railroad man,<sup>1</sup>  
Go bury me under the rail ties,  
With my pick and my shovel at my head and feet,  
And my nine-pound hammer in my hand."

John Henry he come walkin' out;  
He looked all around and above,  
Wrapped up his hammer and paper and silk,  
And sent it to the woman whom he loved.

John Henry had a lovin' little wife,  
Sometimes she was dressed in red;  
She went walkin' down the track, and she never looked back;  
She said, "I'm goin' where my honey fell dead."

John Henry had a lovin' little wife,  
Sometimes she was dressed in blue;  
Went to the graveyard where his dead body lies;  
"John Henry, I've always been true to you."

When John Henry was a little boy,  
Sittin' on his grandpa's knee:  
"That big tunnel on the C and O line  
Is going to be the death of me."<sup>2</sup>

### 3. WHEN I'M DEAD

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; recitation of F. LeTellier; 1907)

When I'm dead, dead en' gone,  
You ken hyer the train I'm on,  
You ken hyer the whistle blow a thousand miles.  
If I die a railroad man,  
Jes' bury me in the san',  
Where I ken hyer ole Six Hundred roll in the mornin'.<sup>3</sup>

### 4. CASEY JONES<sup>4</sup>

A

(From Mississippi; ?; MS. of M. T. Aldrich; 1909)

Casey Jones was a brave engineer;  
Casey looked at the fireman, and the fireman said,

<sup>1</sup> This stanza is evidently out of shape; it looks, too, as if it had been brought in from some other song. Cf. the song following this.

<sup>2</sup> A note on the manuscript says, "About half of the 'John Henry' here; very long." Mr. C. B. House tells me there is a song in Clay County, Kentucky, about John Henry, a steel-driving man.

<sup>3</sup> For a similar sentiment, cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxii, p. 244.

<sup>4</sup> During the winter of 1908-09, I found the State of Mississippi full of versions of a song, very popular then, called "Casey Jones." The several versions I was able to get, I print here. Mr. Barry says this song was composed by one man, William Saunders; but as yet I have been able to learn no date for its composition. Certainly the version which I give as "E" was current in East Tennessee as early as 1905; and the disaster is therein located at or near Corbin, Ky. Furthermore, in 1908 the song was already in the possession of the people of Mississippi, and each singer was shaping the verses to suit himself.

"What do you care?  
If I keep your boilers red and hot,  
We'll make it to Canton by four o'clock."

Casey Jones was a brave engineer,  
He died with the throttle in his right hand.

All the way by the last board he passed,  
Thirty-five minutes late with the S mail.<sup>1</sup>  
Casey Jones said to his fireman,  
"We'll make it to Canton, or leave the rail;  
We are thirty-five minutes late with the S mail."

Just as he got in a mile of the place,  
He spied number Thirty-five right in his face.  
Said to the fireman, "You'd better jump!  
For these locomotives are bound to bump."

When Casey's family heard of his death,  
Casey's daughter fell on her knees,  
"Mamma! mamma! how can it be,  
Papa got killed on the old I. C.?"

"Hush your mouth, don't draw a breath;  
We'll draw a pension from Casey's death!"

## B

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of J. L. Byrd; 1909)

Casey Jones left Jackson Yards;  
When he left, he was sober;  
But when he came over Bolivar Hill,  
Six Hundred and Eighteen turned over.

The fireman said to Casey Jones,  
"What in the world's the matter?"  
"Six Hundred and Eighteen's done hopped the track,  
And forty-one cars scattered."

"You go down the new cut road,<sup>2</sup>  
And I'll go down the Central;  
We'll both meet in Bethlehem,  
And both go home together."

## C

(From Mississippi; ?; MS. of Ben Bell; 1909)

Casey Jones was an engineer;  
He told his fireman not to fear.  
"I just want you to keep the boiler hot,  
And I'll run her into Canton at four o'clock."

<sup>1</sup> The United States mail?

<sup>2</sup> This stanza has a definite folk-flavor. It also reminds one of a stanza in "Loch Lomond."



And I'll run her into Canton at four o'clock; (*twice*)  
I just want you to keep the boiler hot;  
And I'll run her into Canton at four o'clock.

I got up this morning, and it looked like rain;  
Around the curve come the passenger train;  
On that train was Casey Jones;  
A good engineer, but he's dead and gone.

A good engineer, etc.

D

(From Mississippi; ?; MS. of F. R. Rubel; 1909)

David Jones was a good engineer;  
He told his fireman not to fear;  
All he wanted was steam and coal.  
"Stick your head out the window, see the drivers roll,  
See the drivers roll!  
Stick your head out the window, and see the drivers roll."

Early one morning, when it looked like rain,  
Around the curve come the gravel train;  
On that train was David Jones:  
He's a good old rounder, but he's dead and gone,  
But he's dead and gone,  
He's a good old rounder, but he's dead and gone.

E

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; recitation of F. LeTellier; 1905)

Las' Monday mornin' 'twas drizzlin' rain;  
Aroun' the curve come a passenger train;  
Engineer Farmer said tell his wife  
That Two Sixty-nine had stole his life.

Said, "Poke in the coal, en' get the boiler hot,  
En' run into Corbin by four o'clock."

F

(From Mississippi; ?; MS. of W. P. Cassedy; 1909)

Casey Jones was long and tall;  
He pulled the throttle on the cannon-ball;  
Pull[ed] the whistle, and gave a squall;  
Said, "I'm going to ride the scoundrel to Niagra Fall."

G

(From Mississippi; ?; MS. of J. E. Rankin; 1909)

Old Tom Jones was a good engineer,  
Said to his fireman, "Don't have no fear;  
A little more water, and then some coal,  
Stick your head out the window, and watch the drivers roll."

## 5. ENGINE NUMBER NINE

(From Mississippi; ?; MS. of Mr. Upshur; 1909)

Engine, engine, Number Nine,  
 Travellin' on the Chicago line,  
 When she's polished, don't she shine!  
 Engine, engine, Number Nine!

## 6. YOU CAUSE ME TO WEEP

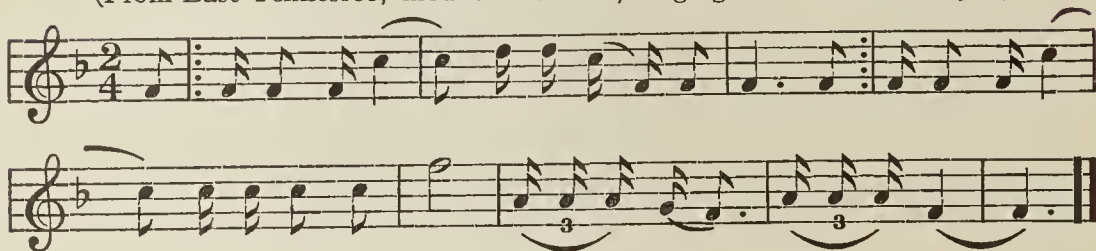
(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)

Yer cause me ter weep, en' yer cause me ter mourn,  
 En' yer cause me ter leave my home;<sup>1</sup>  
 En' I'll never see my baby any more (*twice*).

I looked at the sun, en' the sun looked high;  
 I looked at the boss, en' the boss looked shy.

## 7. GO DOWN, PICK!

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; singing of F. LeTellier, 1912)



I looked at the shovel, en' the shovel looked clean;  
 I looked at the boss, en' the boss looked mean;  
 I looked at the sun, en' the sun looked high:  
 Go daown, pick; go daown, er die!

8. ONE FER THE MONEY<sup>2</sup>

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)

One fer the money, two fer the show,  
 Three ter make ready, en' four ter go!

## 9. OLD JAY GOULD

A

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from recitation of F. LeTellier; 1907)

Ole Jay Goul'<sup>3</sup> said, before he died,  
 He'd fix a way fer hobos to ride.

Said, "Ride on the bumpers, en' ride on the rods,<sup>4</sup>  
 En' trust your life in the han's uv God!"

<sup>1</sup> For this refrain, cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxii, p. 245; vol. xxiv, p. 387.<sup>2</sup> Used by workmen in handling a heavy timber.<sup>3</sup> Jay Gould was supposed to own most of the railroads. Cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiv, p. 384, where "Jay-gooze" seems to be for "Jay Gould."<sup>4</sup> Cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiv, p. 279.

B

(From Mississippi; ?; MS. of M. T. Aldrich; 1909)

Jay Gould said, [before he died]  
"Fix my train so the bums can't ride."

C

(From Mississippi; ?; MS. of L. A. Harrison; 1909)

Old man Vanderbilt said, before he died,  
"Just one more road I wanted to ride;  
The Central Georgia burns nothing but coal:  
Poke your head out the window, and watch the drivers roll."

IO. MONAKERS ON A WATER-TANK <sup>1</sup>

(From Mississippi; white mechanics; MS. of Mr. Upshur; 1909)

I was riding on an east-bound freight,  
Goin' to Chicago.  
Said the head-end shack  
As went came to Fargo,  
"If you're no rank gay-cat or cronicker,  
Just utilize your pleasure moments,  
Scratching up your monaker.

I strolled up to the water-tank,  
Marked all up with chalk,  
With names of bo's from every State  
From 'Frisco to New York.  
There was Boston Slim, New Orleans Jim,  
Shorty Bob, and 'Frisco Red,  
Billie Do, and Sailor Jack,  
Louie Tom, and Buffalo Ned.

These were some of the monakers  
Upon that water-tank.

I walked right up to register;  
The express train pulled in;  
The passengers surrounded me  
As though I'd done some sin.  
One says, "Old bo', you'd better hustle,  
Or you'll be left behind."  
I wrote up my monaker,  
And climbed upon the blind.

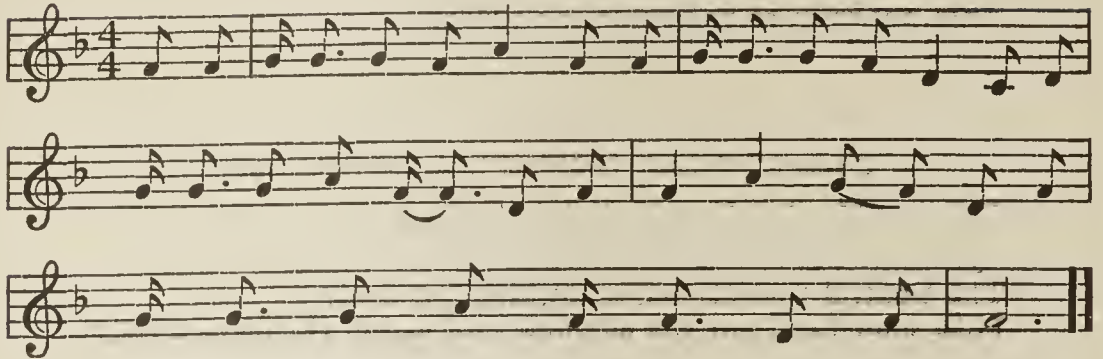
<sup>1</sup> Taken from the singing of workmen in the railroad shops in Water Valley, Miss.  
"Monaker" is a hobo word for "signature," such as the tramp often puts up in public places.



## 11. WITH A CHICKEN ON MY BACK

## A

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1909)



With a chicken on my back,  
 I'm goin' to my shack,  
     En' it's nobody's business but mine.  
 Lord! Lord!  
 En' it's nobody's business but mine.<sup>1</sup>

## B

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of M. F. Rubel; 1909)

With them bloodhounds on my track,  
 And a chicken on my back,  
 I'se gwine to make it to my shanty, if I can.

If I can, can, can,  
 If I can, can, can,  
 I'se gwine to make it to my shanty, if I can.

With a ham-bone on my back,  
 And them bloodhounds on my back [Qy. track?]  
 I'se gwine to keep my skillet greasy, if I can.

## C

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of A. B. Pitts)

Chickens on my back, and bloodhounds on my track,  
 I've got to make it to my shanty, if I can.

Rabbit on the log, got no rabbit dog,  
 Shoot him with my pistol forty-four.

## 12. FO' HUNDUD MILES FUM HOME

(From South Carolina; negroes; MS. of H. M. Bryan; 1909)

The rain it rained, the wind it blew,  
 The hail it hailed, and the snow it snew;  
     And I wuz fo' hundud miles away fum home.

The tracks wuz filled with snow,  
 When I heard the station blow;  
     And I wuz, etc.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiv, p. 357.

We just crossed Deadman's Track  
When No. 14 hit our back;  
And I wuz, etc.

13. DE DUMMY

A

(From Alabama; negroes; MS. of W. O. Scroggs; 1908)

Away down yonder on Sixteenth Street,  
De niggers dey have sech great big feet!  
Dey go to bed, but tain't no use;  
Fer dey feet stick out fer de chickens to roos'.

Two lil' niggers, one Saturday night,  
Tried to go to Hebben on de tail ob a kite;  
De tail it broke, and de niggers dey fell;  
Dey tried to go to Hebben, but they went to [hell].<sup>1</sup>

Dey oughter been arrested, (*thrice*)  
'Tain't no lie!

Got on de dummy, didn't have no fare;  
Conductor axed me what I doin' dere;  
Hit me on de head wid a two by fo';  
Ain't gwine ride on de dummy no mo'.

On de dummy, on de dummy,  
Gwine ter ride and shine;  
Gwine ter ride and shine, and pay my fine,  
When I ride on de dummy line.

Some folks say de dummy don't run;  
But jes' lemme tell what de dummy done, done:  
Lef' Atlanta at half-pas' seven,  
And got to Savannah at half-pas' 'leben.

B

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of W. P. Bean; 1909)

Some folks say de dummy don't run;  
But lemme tell you what de dummy done, done:  
Left Atlanta at half-past one,  
And went round de world by de settin' of de sun.

14. I WANT A LITTLE WATER

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Miss Reedy; 1909)

Working on the railroad, sleeping on the ground,  
Waiting for that lazy boy to pass the jug around.

I want a little more water, Johnny!  
A little more water, boy!  
A little more water, Johnny!  
Every little once and a while.

<sup>1</sup> The verses in this stanza sound like an importation from "Shorten' Bread."

I went down in town, I didn't go to stay;  
 I fell in love with a black-eyed girl, and couldn't come away  
 I want a little water, etc.

## 15. CAPTAIN, CAPTAIN

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of J. L. Byrd; 1909)

Captain, captain! my feet are cold!  
 "Doggone your feet! let them wheelers<sup>1</sup> roll."

Hang the harness on the rack;  
 Work no more till the captain comes back.

Going down the river with my good clothes on  
 Going down the river where they do pay more.

Wake up in the morning, I'll be gone;  
 On my way to the crawfish pond.

I killed Bill Johnson, I killed him dead;  
 Killed him 'bout dat crawfish head.

## 16. I WENT DOWN TO THE DEPOT

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Leverett; 1909)

I went down to the depot,  
 And a little bit down the track,  
 Waiting for dat cannon-ball<sup>2</sup>  
 To bring my Baby back.

## 17. KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE CAPTAIN

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of W. P. Bean; 1909)

Keep your eye on the captain, (*thrice*)  
 And rat<sup>3</sup> as much as you please.

18. HORSE AND BUGGY<sup>4</sup>

(From Mississippi; negroes; from the singing of a grading crew; 1909)



Uh'm gon tell yuh  
 'Bout my pardner.  
 Haws en' buggy  
 Take a ride!

<sup>1</sup> The wheelbarrows with which the negroes are moving dirt. Cf. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiv, p. 381.

<sup>2</sup> A humorous name for the slow trains of the South.

<sup>3</sup> That is, "waste time," "idle."

<sup>4</sup> This represents the simplest form of negro work-song. The simple refrain — "take a ride" — echoes the height of the negro's ambition. The verses have no rhyme except as accidental. The negro sings all day, to the monotonous melody, just what comes into his mind; any negro in the gang being free to add his own stanza to the song. For a similar song, possibly another version of this, see *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiv, p. 384.



Las' July  
He fell sprawlin'.

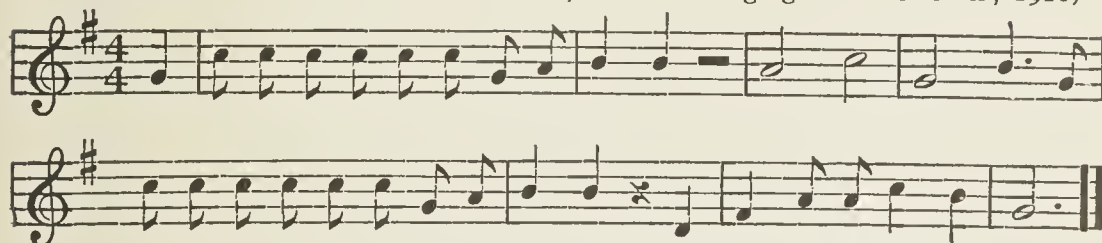
Las' July  
He died.

Pick en' shovel.  
Git yuh daown!

Jamaica ginger,  
Burn yuh out!

19. ON THE RAILROAD

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from the singing of F. LeTellier; 1910)



There's many a man been killed upon the railroad,  
Railroad, railroad;  
There's many a man been killed upon the railroad,  
En' cast in his lonely grave.

20. THE STATE OF ARKANSAW<sup>1</sup>

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from the singing of F. LeTellier; 1910)

My name is John the Bummer, with a budget on my back,  
Trampin' daown the railroad, trampin' daown the track;  
Trampin' daown the railroad, a village there I saw,  
Trampin' daown the railroad, in the State uv Arkinsaw.

I went daown to the station; the agent there I saw,  
Selling railroad tickets to ride in Arkinsaw:  
Said, "Pitch me daown five dollers, en' a ticket you shell draw  
To ride upon the railroad in the State uv Arkinsaw."

I bought me a pint uv licker my troubles to withdraw,  
While ridin' on the railroad in the State uv Arkinsaw;  
I follerd my conductor to a most inquainted place,  
Where hard luck en' starvation wuz pictured in the face.

I got off at the station; a porter there I saw,  
Who took me to a hotel, the best in Arkinsaw!  
They fed me on corn dodgers, en' beef I could not chaw,  
En' charged me half a doller in the State uv Arkinsaw!

UNIVERSITY OF LOUISVILLE,  
LOUISVILLE, KY.

<sup>1</sup> This song is rather the work of the minstrel than of the folk. Cf. J. A. Lomax, "Cowboy Songs," for an extended version. The State of Arkansas is the butt for many satirical songs.









## SONGS AND RHYMES FROM THE SOUTH.

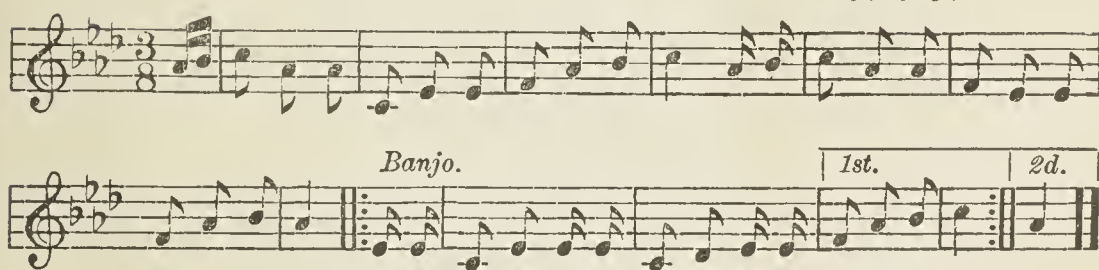
BY E. C. PERROW.

### VI. SONGS CONNECTED WITH DRINKING AND GAMBLING.<sup>1</sup>

#### I. THE DRUNKARD'S SONG.

A.

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905.)



Way up on Clinch Mountain,  
I wander alone;  
I'm es drunk es the devil;  
Oh, let me alone!

Tink-a-link-tink, tink-a-link-tink,  
Tink-a-link-tink-a-link!  
Tink-a-link-tink, tink-a-link-tink,  
Tink-a-link-tink-a-link!

I'll play cards and drink whiskey  
Wherever I'm gone;  
En if people don' like me,  
They ken let me alone.

I'll eat when I'm hungry  
En drink when I'm dry;  
En ef whiskey don't kill me,  
I'll live till I die.<sup>2</sup>

O Lulu, O Lulu, O Lulu, my dear!  
O Lulu, my dear!  
I'd give this whole world  
Ef my Lulu wuz hyeur.

Way up on Clinch Mountain  
Where the wild geese fly high,  
I'll think uv little Allie  
En lay down en die.

<sup>1</sup> Continued from vol. xxvi of this Journal (1913), p. 173.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Berea Quarterly, October, 1910, p. 26.

Jack u' diamonds, Jack u' diamonds,  
 I know you uv ole;  
 You rob my pore pockets  
 Uv silver en gol'.

You may boast uv yore knowledge  
 En brag uv yore sense;  
 But 'twill all be furgotten  
 One hundred years hence.

B.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)

Oh brandy and whiskey I wish you no harm,  
 But I wish I had a jug full as long as my arm.

## 2. WHEN I DIE.

A.

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from recitation of F. Le Tellier; 1907.)

When I die,<sup>1</sup> don' bury me a tall,  
 But soak my body in alcohol.

When I die, bury me deep,  
 En put a quart u' lickar at my head en feet.

When I die, don' bury me a tall,  
 But take me down to Bowery Hall;  
 Take off my coat en open my vest,  
 En tell all the girls I'm gone to rest.

B.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Harrison; 1909.)

When I die don't bury me at all;  
 Preserve my bones in alcohol;  
 Fold my arms across my breast,  
 Natural born . . . gone to rest.

Natural born . . . don't have to work;  
 Carry a recommendation on the tail of my shirt.

C.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of W. G. Pitts; 1909.)

When I die, bury me deep;  
 Tell all the gamblers that I've gone to sleep.  
 Put a pair of bones in my right hand,  
 And I'll throw seven in the promised land.

<sup>1</sup> Illustrative of the popular tendency to make a "last will and testament." See Transactions of the Wisconsin Academy, December, 1913.



3. SLEEPIN' IN MY CABIN.<sup>1</sup>

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905.)

I wus drunk las' night, my darlin';  
I was drunk the night before;  
But if you'll fergive me, darlin',  
I'll never get drunk any more.

Sleepin' in my cabin  
In the merry month of June,  
Wrapped in the arms of my own true love  
When the wind blows chilly en cool.

4. I'LL NEVER GET DRUNK ANY MORE.

(From East Tennessee; negroes; from memory; 1905.)

My father give me a fortune,  
I locked it in my trunk;  
I spent it one night in gamblin',  
The night that I got drunk.

Oh, I'll never get drunk any more;  
I'll lay my head in the bar-room door,  
But I'll never get drunk any more.

5. ONE MORE DRINK.

(From Mississippi; country whites; recitation of Mr. George; 1908.)

There wus an ole hen with a wooden foot;  
She made her nest by a mulberry-root;  
She ruffled her feathers an' kept her warm;  
One more drink won't do no harm.

6. IS THAT YOU, SAMBO?

(From Mississippi; negroes; 1909.)

"Is that you, Sambo?" "No, it's Jim."  
"You're pretty good-looking, but you can't come in!"

7. OLD DAN TUCKER.<sup>2</sup>

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1912.)

Ole Dan Tucker, in the time uv the war,  
Wuz the biggest fool I ever saw.  
He had no pants, he had no coat,  
En he rammed his shirt-tail daown his throat.

<sup>1</sup> Composed by a workman on the K. & B. Railroad.

<sup>2</sup> I believe the stanzas quoted here from this well-known song are of popular origin.

This song figures as a dance-song in Kentucky:

Ole Dan Tucker come to town,  
Swing the ladies all around!  
Swing to the east and swing to the west,  
And swing to the one that you love best.

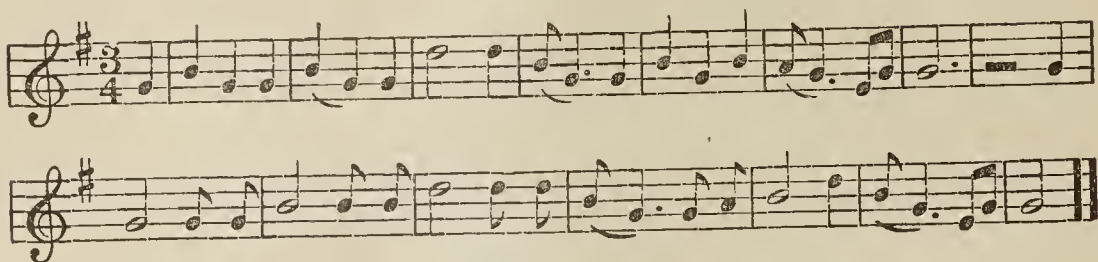
Get out the way, etc.

Ole Dan Tucker wuz a nice ole man,  
 He washed his face in a fryin'-pan,  
 He combed his head with a wagon-wheel,  
 En died with a gum-bile on his heel.

### 8. WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN GONE?

A.

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from recitation of F. Le Tellier; 1907.)



Where have you been gone so long, so long?  
 Where have you been gone so long?  
 "Well, I've been in the bed with my head kivered up,  
 En I'm goin back there 'fore long."

B.

(From Western Virginia; mountain whites; MS. of D. H. Bishop; 1909.)

Where have you been so long?  
 Oh, where have you been so long?  
 I've been in the bend with the rough and ready men,  
 I've been in the bend so long.

### 9. WHY DON'T YOU COME HOME?

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; recitation of F. Le Tellier; 1905.)

I went daown to the depot to get my baby's trunk;  
 I stuck my head in the bar-room door, en I lëf' that city drunk.  
 My darling baby, why don't yer come home?

I went daown on the Bowery<sup>1</sup> with a forty-four in my han';  
 I said, "Look out, you roustabout! I'm looking fer my man."  
 My darlin' baby, why don't yer come home?

I come back up the Bowery with a slug u' meat in my han';  
 I flung it thoo a winder en I hit a country man.  
 My darlin' baby, why don't yer come home?

### 10. YOU MAY RARE.

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; recitation of Edgar Perrow; 1912.)

Oh, you may rare en you may pitch  
 But Black Maria's<sup>2</sup> got yer in the ditch.

<sup>1</sup> Showing an origin in the city. Even the most unpretentious town has its "Bowery," its "New York Store," etc.

<sup>2</sup> The patrol wagon.

11. I WAS A TEXAS RANGER.

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from the singing of F. Le Tellier; 1910.)

I wuz a Texas ranger sixteen long years ago;  
I ranged through all of Texas en a part uv Mexico.

Ef I wuz a gambler, westward I would go;  
I'd gamble with the Englishmen en there I'd win my dough.

My children they'll go naked; my wife will have to plough;  
Along come an officer en drove off my last old caow.

12. THERE WAS AN OLD MAN.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Mr. Cassedy; 1909.)

There was an old man from over the Rhine,  
Snappoo! Snappoo!  
There was an old man from over the Rhine,  
Who came for some beer and who came for some wine.  
Snap-peter, snap-pider, fi-nan-ago-neda-snappoo!

"Dear old lady, have you some wine  
Fit for a soldier from over the Rhine?"

"No, dear soldier; I have no wine  
Fit for a soldier from over the Rhine."

13. TAKE ONE ON ME.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)

Oh, de men for de women,  
An de women for de men;  
Oh, de doctor say it'll kill you,  
But he didn't say when.

Oh, ho! my honey! take one on me!

14. OLE CORN LICKER.

(From Virginia; country whites; from memory; 1909.)

I got drunk en got a fall,  
En ole co'n licker wus the cause uv it all.

15. DIAMOND JOE.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Turner; 1909.)

If I come out on two,  
Then I'll hand em back to you.

*Chorus.*

Diamond Joe, Diamond Joe,  
Run get me Diamond Joe.

If I come out on three,  
Then you'll hand em back to me.

If I come out on fo',  
Then I'll beat you a dolla mo'.

If I come out on six,  
Then you knows yo money's fixed.

If I come out on seben,  
Then I'll roll you fer eleben.

If I come out on nine,  
Then yo money will be mine.

Then I'll buy me a bar'l o' flour,  
Cook and eat it every hour.

Yes; an buy me a middlin' o' meat,  
Cook and eat it twict a week.

#### 16. CAMP TOWN LADIES.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)

Camp town ladies, sing this song:  
Do da, do da.  
Camp town ladies sing this song:  
Do da, do da dey.

I'm boun' to run all night;  
I'm boun' to run all day;  
I'll bet my money on the bob-tailed nag,<sup>1</sup>  
Ef somebody'll bet on the bay.

#### 17. O LORD, HONEY!

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1909.)

O Lord, honey! I can't see  
How my money gets away frum me.

#### 18. OH, WASN'T I LUCKY!

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)

Ole Marster, an' ole Mistis, I'm er reskin my life,  
Tryin' to win er this great fortune, for you an' your wife.

Oh, wasn't I lucky not to lose! (*thrice*)

Ole Skew-ball was a gray hoss, ole Molly was brown;  
Ole Skew-ball out-run Molly on the very fust go-round.

My hosses is hongry, an' they will not eat hay;  
So I'll drive on a piece further, an I'll feed on the way.<sup>2</sup>

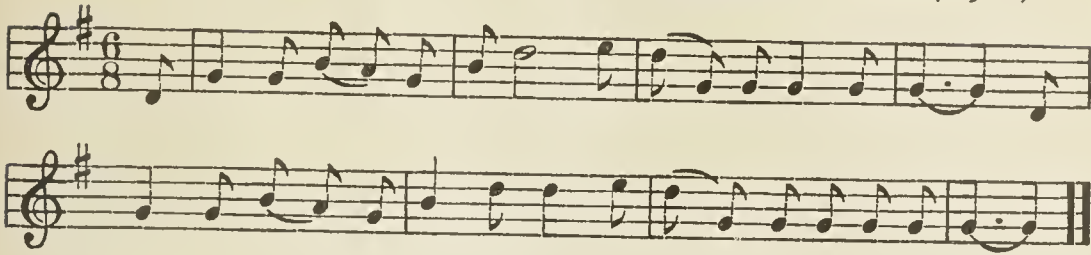
<sup>1</sup> Compare Harvard College Library, 25254.10.5.

<sup>2</sup> Compare "Old Smoky" in this collection.



19. OLD ALEXANDER.

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; singing of F. Le Tellier; 1912.)



God damn old Alexander! I wish he wuz in hell!  
He made me wear the ball en chain en caused my ankles ter swell.<sup>1</sup>

VII. SONGS OF THE PLANTATION.

I. OH, MOURNER!<sup>2</sup>

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of F. R. Rubel; 1909.)

Some folks say that a nigro (*sic*) won't steal;  
I caught two in my corn feild (*sic*).  
One had a shovel and the other had a hoe;  
If that ain't stealing, I don't know.

Oh, Moana, you shall be free, (*twice*)  
When the good Lord sets you free.

Some folks say that a nigro won't rouse;  
I caught two in my smoke house.  
One had a middling, and the other had a ham;  
If that ain't stealing, I'll don't know.

I went to a chicken coop on my knees;  
I thought I heard a chicken sneeze.<sup>3</sup>

Way down yonder on Punkin Creek  
Where those nigros grow leben feet,  
Heels stick out so far behind  
Chickens roost there most all the time.

I had a wife and I fed her on grease;  
Every time I knocked her down she hollowed "police!"

Ain't no use in me workin' so hard;  
I got a gal in the white folks yard.  
She fetch me meat and she fetch me lard.  
Ain't a bit of use in me workin' so hard.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This is the only stanza my cousin could remember of a song in which a member of the chain gang curses the Judge, or state's attorney, who was responsible for the sentence.

<sup>2</sup> This song shows the tendency of a large number of distinct songs to drift together into one.

<sup>3</sup> This stanza is in the college song "Polly-Wolly-Doodle."

<sup>4</sup> Compare another version from Mississippi:

I got a gal in de white folk's ya'd,  
She brings me chicgn en she brings me la'd  
She steals me ham an' she steals me meat  
She thinks I'm wukkin', but I'm walkin' de street.

Yonder come Melinda. How do I know?  
Know her by her walk; I seen her walk before.

Kill the chicken; save me the wing;  
Think I'm workin'; ain't doing a thing.

Kill the turkey; save me the bones;  
Drink the beer; save me the foam.

Kill the chickens; save me the breast;  
Think I'm workin', but I'm taking my rest.

I like my coffee, I likes it strong;  
When I git to eatin', bring the corn-dodger along.

I likes my lasses good and strong;  
When I git to eatin', bring the butter along.

I likes my wife, I likes my baby;  
I likes my flap-jacks floating in gravy.

Gimme chicken; gimme pie;  
Gimme some of everything the white folks buy.

Some folks say that a nigro won't steal;  
I caught two in my water-melon feild,  
Preaching and praying all the time,  
And pulling the melons off the vine.

I wouldn't marry a yaller gal;  
I'll tell you the reason why:  
She's all the time sitting in another man's lap  
And telling her husband lies.

I wouldn't marry a black gal;  
I'll tell you the reason why:  
Her nose is always snotty,  
And her lips is never dry.

Nigro was a sitting on the log;  
One eye on the trigger, the other on the hog.

The gun said, "Boom!" the hog fell bip!  
The nigro jumped on him with all his grip.  
[Spoken] Gitting the chiddlings!

I will dive in that pige pen a-fighting;  
I ought [to] been that hog-jaw bighting.  
With a hog head in my hand.

Yonder come my uncle; axe heavy with lead,  
Throwed across my shoulder to kill that barrow dead.

Spare ribs is rottening; back-bones ain't but a few;  
Run and git the carvin' knife, and we'll have a barber cewe.

I wouldn't marry a widow,  
For all the money in the land;  
It takes six men to feed her,  
Workin' with both hands.

When you come home from work at night,  
It's "Hello! my pretty old gal!"  
And then she whispers softly,  
"There ain't no meal in the barrel."

I went down to Malinda's house;  
Malinda she was gone;  
I sat down in Malinda's chair  
And rocked till she come home.

She sat me in the parlor;  
She cooled me with her fan;  
She whispered in her mother's ear,  
"I'm fooling with a gambling man."

## 2. DIS MORNIN'.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)

See dem ole farmers goin' on to town, this mornin', (*twice*)  
See dem ole farmers goin' on to town  
Wid er one horse waggin an' er it broke down,  
Dis mornin', er dis evenin', so soon.<sup>1</sup>

See dem ole farmers come along back, dis mornin', (*twice*)  
See dem ole farmers come along back  
Wid er piece o' meat in er crocus sack.  
Dis mornin', etc.

Mommer kilt er chicken, an' she give me de wing, dis mornin', (*twice*)  
Mommer kilt er chicken, an' she give me de wing;  
She thought I was a workin', and I warn't doin' a thing,  
Dis mornin', etc.

Mommer kilt er chicken, an' she give me de head, dis mornin', (*twice*)  
Mommer kilt er chicken, and she give me de head;  
She thought I was workin', an' I's lyin' in the bed,  
Dis mornin', etc.

## 3. I'M ER LIVIN' EASY.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)

I'm er livin' easy; I'm er livin' high;  
Goin' to keep my pork chops greasy.  
I'm er livin' easy, oh baby; I'm er livin' high.

Got er bar'l o' flou'er; cook an eat it every hou'er;  
I'm er livin' easy, oh baby; I'm er livin' high.

<sup>1</sup> For the refrain compare this Journal, vol. xxiv, p. 353.

## 4. JOHN BOOKER.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Turner; 1909.)

My ole mistis promised me,  
 'Fo' she died she'd sot me free.<sup>1</sup>

*Chorus.*

Walk, John! walk, John! Oh, walk!  
 John Booker, with yo new boots on!

Ole mistis lived 'till her head got bald;  
 She got outen de noshun o' dyin' a tall.

My ole mistis lyin' in de leaves,  
 Head full of lice, and her stockin' full of fleas.

But now ole mistis is dead an' gone.  
 And she's lef' John Booker a-hoeing out corn.

5. RUN, NIGGER, RUN!<sup>2</sup>

(From Virginia; negroes; from memory; 1909.)

Es I was runnin' through de fiel',  
 A black snake caught me by de heel.  
 Run, nigger, run, de paterrol ketch yuh!  
 Run, nigger, run! It's almos' day!

Run, nigger, run! I run my bes'  
 Run my head in a hornet's nes'.  
 Run, nigger, run! etc.

## 6. COME ON, MR. TREE!

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Harrison; 1909.)

When I was young and in my prime,  
 Sunk my axe deep most every time;  
 But now I'm old, and my heart's growin' cold,  
 And I can't swing a lick to save my soul.

Come on, Mr. Tree; yer are almost down;  
 Come on, Mr. Tree; wants to see yer hit de groun'.

## 7. DEM TATERS.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Harrison; 1909.)

A die, a die, a die O!  
 Pa don't raise no cotton in his corn,  
 And a very few permatoes;  
 A die, a die, a die, O!  
 Pa don't raise no cotton in his corn,  
 But um! um! dem taters!

<sup>1</sup> Compare Harris, *Uncle Remus and his Friends*, p. 200; also Harvard College Library 25254.10.5.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Harris, *Uncle Remus and his Friends*, p. 200. For music see "Shortened Bread" (No. 22).



8. HOW OLD ARE YOU?<sup>1</sup>

(From Mississippi; negroes; recitation of Mrs. Brown; 1909.)

[First part] How old are you?

[Second part] Twenty-one or twenty-two!

9. GOIN' DOWN TO TOWN.<sup>2</sup>

(From Virginia; negroes; from memory; 1909.)

Goin' down tuh town,  
Goin' down tuh town,  
Goin' down tuh Lynchburg town tuh take my baccer down;  
Buy me a load uh pos',  
Fence my grave aroun',  
Keep Bob Ridley's ole gray sow fum rootin' me out de groun'.

Baccer sellin' high,<sup>3</sup>  
Baccer sellin' high,  
Baccer sellin' at fifteen cents,  
Nobody there to buy.

Baccer sellin' low,  
Baccer sellin' low,  
Baccer won't bring seven cents,  
Damn if I think I'll go.

10. MO' RAIN.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Hudson; 1909.)

Mo' rain, mo' rest; mo' rain, mo' grass;  
Makes the marster's colt grow fast.

11. SHUCK CORN.

(From Eastern North Carolina; negroes; MS. of Mr. Scroggs; 1908.)

Shuck corn, shell corn,  
Carry corn to mill.  
Grind de meal, gimme de husk;  
Bake de bread, gimme de crus';  
Fry de meat, gimme de skin;  
And dat's de way to bring 'em in.

Won't you git up, ole horse?  
I'm on de road to Brighton.  
Won't you git up, ole horse?  
I'm on de road to Brighton.

12. COLD FROSTY MORNING.<sup>4</sup>

(From West Tennessee; negroes; recitation of Mr. Brown; 1909.)

Col' frosty mo'nin',  
Nigger mighty good,

<sup>1</sup> Sung antiphonally by groups of negro farm-hands.

<sup>2</sup> Compare this Journal, vol. xxii, p. 249.

<sup>3</sup> Last two stanzas from Kentucky.

<sup>4</sup> Current also in Kentucky.

Axe on his shoulder,  
Choppin' up de wood.

Little piece u' ash-cake,  
An' a little piece u' fat;  
White folks grumble,  
Ef yuh eat all u' dat.

### 13. WHITE MAN GOES TO COLLEGE.<sup>1</sup>

A.

(From Mississippi; negroes; recitation of Mrs. Brown; 1909.)

White man goes tuh college,  
Nigger goes tuh fiel',  
White man learn tuh read an' write,  
Nigger learn tuh steal.

Times is gittin' mighty ha'd,  
Money gittin' mighty scace;  
Soon's I sell my cot'n 'n co'n,  
I'se gwine tuh leave dis place.

White man go tuh meetin',  
Can't get up a smile;  
Nigger go tuh meetin',  
Boys, yuh hyeuh him shout a mile.

B.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Harrison; 1909.)

White folks go to college;  
Nigger go to field;  
White folks learn to read and write,  
And de niggers learn to steal.

O Lord, it's hard to be a nigger! (*twice*)  
'Cause a nigger don't have no show!

### 14. AUGHT FOR AUGHT.

(From Virginia; negroes; from memory; 1909.)

Aught<sup>2</sup> fer aught, an figger fuh figger;  
All fuh de white man, an none fuh de nigger!

### 15. BOATMAN, BOATMAN!

(From Virginia; negroes; from memory; 1905.)

Boatman, boatman, blow yuh ho'n,  
An' den I'll steal yuh a bag a co'n;  
An' when de white folks all asleep,  
Den I'll steal yuh a bag u' wheat.

<sup>1</sup> See Hobson, *In Old Alabama*, pp. 171, 177.

<sup>2</sup> The initial *n* of this word has quite disappeared in the speech of both negroes and whites in the Southern States.

16. OLD JUDGE WATSON.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Aldrich; 1909.)

Old Judge Watson a mighty fine man,  
An' you all know him well,  
If he ketch you in his watermelon patch,  
He'll give you particular Hallelujah.

17. OL' MASSA IN DE PARLOR.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Rankin; 1909.)

Ol' Massa in de parlor;  
Ol' Missus in de hall;  
Nigger in de dinin' room,  
Farin' de best of all.<sup>1</sup>

18. DAT NEGRO COME TO MY HOUSE.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Rankin; 1909.)

Dat negro come to my house;  
He thought I wuz treatin' 'em well;  
But I took dat negro roun' de house,  
And I gived dat negro hell.

19. SOMETIMES I LIB IN DE COUNTRY.

(From East Tennessee; negroes; from memory; 1909.)

Sometimes I lib in de country,  
En sometimes I lib in town;  
En sometimes I hab uh notion  
Tuh jump in de ribber en drown.

20. BIG BAYOU.

(From Lower Mississippi River; negroes; MS. of Mr. Scroggs; 1908.)

Oh, Big Bayou wuz a good ole town  
Forty years ago;  
But now she's done a-fallin' down,<sup>2</sup>  
A-oh-o-o-oh!

21. DAN-U-WE-HOU.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Harrison; 1909.)

Ef you want yo buckwheat cakes,  
An' er want 'em good an' done;

<sup>1</sup> The Virginia rhyme:

White folks eat de mutt'n,  
Eat it fuh a sham,  
Nigger in de kitchen  
Jes' rarin' on de best uv de ham.

<sup>2</sup> Near Oxford, Miss., is a once populous town, now entirely deserted. Only the ruins of houses and weed-choked streets are now left of what was once an important cotton market.

Slap 'em on a nigger man's heel,  
And turn him to the sun.

*Chorus.*

Dan-u-we-ou, Dan-u-we-hou,  
I'm gwine back to Dan-u-we-hou.

22. SHORTENED BREAD.<sup>1</sup>

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1912.)





Ol' black bar live down on Quibber;  
He gwine to git yo if yo go dar.

Ol' wil' panter live down on Quibber;  
Ol' wil' panter he love to eat nigger;  
Ol' wil' panter live down on Quibber;  
He gwine to git yo if yo go dar.

Dem white ghostes live down on Quibber;  
Dem white ghostes dey love to cotch nigger;  
Dem white ghostes live down on Quibber.  
Dey gwine to git yo if yo go dar.

Ol' Parson Wash went down on Quibber;  
Ol' Parson Wash was a good nigger;  
Ol' Parson Wash went down on Quibber;  
Ol' Parson Wash ain't come back never;  
Sompin' done got him when he went dar.

Ol' black bar whut down down on Quibber,  
Ol' wil' panter whut down on Quibber,  
Dem white ghostes whut down on Quibber,  
All dem tings done cotch dat nigger;  
Dey gwine get yo if yo go dar.

24. FREEDOM.<sup>1</sup>

(From Virginia; negroes; from memory; 1912.)

Oh, freedom, freedom, freedom!

Freedom, freedom over me!

En befo' I'd be a slave,

I'd be buried in muh grave,

En go home tuh muh Savior en be free.

25. "GLENDY BURKE."

(From Virginia; negroes; singing of Fremont Le Tellier; 1912.)

"Glendy Burke" is a mighty fas' boat

En a mighty fas' captain too;

He sets up dar on de hurricane deck

En 'e keeps his eye on de crew.

Ho fuh Louisiana!

I'm boun' tuh leave dis taown;

I'll trot my duds on Glendy Burke

When "Glendy Burke" comes roun'.

26. ON THE OHIO.

(From Kentucky; negroes; recitation of R. E. Monroe; 1913.)

High, ho, the boatman row! (*twice*)

Sailin' daown the river on the Ohio.

Hay! yaller gal, when yuh gwine tuh go,

Sailin' daown de ribber on de Ohio?

<sup>1</sup> Sung to the music of "Lilly Dale."

Dance, de boatman dance!<sup>1</sup>  
 Dance all de night, till de broad daylight;  
 Go home wid de gal in de mawnin'!

Oh, what make dis ole nigger laugh?  
 Fuh my boat I built a raf';  
 Stuck a pine-tree up fuh a sail  
 En steered right daown de ole coat-tail.

Oh, what make dis ole nigger shiver?  
 Saw a catfish in de river.  
 Jump right out dat boat, you bet;  
 I go daown taown wid muh close all wet.  
 De niggers dey all built up big fires.  
 Ef dat ain't so, den I'm a liar!

#### 27. BUTTERMILK AN' CLABBER.

(From East Tennessee; negroes; from memory; 1909.)

Buttermilk an' clabber tuh eat on a Sunday,  
 Make a nigger's heart ache tuh go tuh wuk a Monday.

### VIII. SONGS OF LOVE.

#### I. BARBARA ALLEN.<sup>2</sup>

##### A.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Miss Kent; 1909.)

There was a young man who lived in our town,  
 His given name was William;  
 He was taken sick, and very sick,  
 And death was in his dwelling.

It was the merry month of May,  
 When the green buds were swelling,  
 Sweet William on his death bed lay  
 For the love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his servant down in town;  
 He went into her dwelling:  
 "My master's sick, and sent for you,  
 If your name be Barbara Allen."

And slowly, slowly she did rise,  
 And slowly she went to him,  
 And all she said when she got there,  
 "Young man, I think you are dying."

<sup>1</sup> Compare Harvard College Library 25254.10.5 and 25254.10.7.

<sup>2</sup> Perhaps the most widely current of all the traditional ballads. Still sung by school-children in Kentucky. The B version shows a queer trick of the popular mind,—Barbry Allen is changed to a man!

"Oh, yes, I'm sick, I'm very sick,  
And death is with me, darling,  
I'll die, I'll die, I'll surely die,  
If I don't get Barbara Allen."

"Oh, yes, you are sick, and very sick,  
And death is in your dwelling;  
You'll die, you'll die, you'll surely die,  
For you will never get Barbara Allen.

"Remember on last Wednesday night  
When we were at a wedding,  
You passed your wine to the girls all around  
And slighted Barbara Allen."

He turned his pale face to the wall,  
He turned his back upon her:  
"Adieu, adieu to the friends all around,  
And adieu to Barbara Allen!"

She had not got tin (*sic*) miles from town,  
When she heard a swamp bird singing;  
And every time the swamp bird sung  
Was woe to Barbara Allen.

She had not got three miles from town,  
When she heard a death bell ringing,  
And in her ear it seemed to say,  
"Hard-hearted Barbara Allen!"

She looked to the east, and she looked to the west,  
And she saw his corpse a-coming;  
"I could have saved that young man's life  
By giving him Barbara Allen!"

"O mother, O mother, go make my bed,  
Make it of tears and sorrow;  
Sweet William died for me to-day,  
And I will die for him to-morrow.

"O father, O father, go dig my grave,  
Dig it deep and narrow;  
Sweet William died of true love's sake,  
And I shall die of sorrow."

Sweet William died on Saturday night,  
And Barbara died on Sunday;  
Her mother died for the love of both  
And was buried alone on Monday.

Sweet William was buried in the new churchyard,  
And Barbara beside him;  
And out of his grave sprang a lily-white rose,  
And out of hers a briar.

They ran to the churchyard tower,  
And could not grow any higher.  
They tied themselves in a true love knot,  
And the rose ran around the briar.

## B.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Mr. Holliman; 1909.)

It was in the month of May  
When all the sweet was dwelling;  
A young girl on her death bed lay,  
For the love of Barbry Allen.

She sent her servant into town  
Where Barbry was dwelling:  
"Your truelove said for you to go there,  
If your name be Barbry Allen."

Slowly, slowly, he got up,  
So slowly, slowly he did go;  
And when he got there he said, "Dear girl,  
I'm sure you must be dying."

"Oh, yes, I'm sick, and very sick,  
And all the doctors can't cure me;  
I am not any better, nor never will be,  
If I can't get Barbry Allen."

"Oh, yes, you're sick, and very sick,  
And all the doctors can't cure you;  
You are not any better, nor never will be,  
For you can't get Barbry Allen."

She turned her pale face to the wall;  
He turned his back upon her;  
And before he got away from town  
He heard her death bell ringing.

And every knock it seemed to say,  
"Cruel, cruel, is your name,  
And wicked is your nature,  
For you could have saved this poor girl's life,  
If you had done your duty."

"Yes; cruel, cruel, is my name,  
And wicked is my nature,  
For I could have saved this poor girl's life  
If I had done my duty."

His true lover died on Saturday night,  
And Barbry died on Sunday;  
His mother died for the love of both:  
They were buried on Easter Monday.



2. ONCE I COURTED A FAIR BEAUTY BRIGHT.<sup>1</sup>

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Mr. Holliman; 1909.)

Once I corted a fair beauty bright,  
In my sight she did take great delight.  
She granted me her love; I returned her back the same;  
And that's the reason why she never could complain.

Her old father, he came for to know  
What makes these people love each other so.  
He locked her up in the chamber; he kept the key shore;<sup>2</sup>  
And I never got to see my truelove any more.

Once every day to the chamber I did go  
To see if I could get my truelove or no;  
And when she would ring her hand and cry and sing,  
"I love a man that loves me; I love him till I die."

Then to some foreign country I did go  
To see if I could forget my love or no;  
And when I got there, the armor shone so bright  
It give me second thought of my heart's delight.

Six long years I spent in the war.  
The seventh long year I returned home again.  
Her old mother she met me and rung her hands and cried,  
"Sing, my daughter loved a man that loved her; she loved him till she died."

Then I was struck like a man that was slain;  
The tears from my eyes fell like showers of rain.  
Come all ye young people who never felt the pain,  
Come give me paper, ink, and pin (*sic*); I'll write you down the same.

3. CARELESS LOVE.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of R. J. Slay; 1909.)

I'm going to leave you now;  
I'm going ten thousand miles.  
If I go ten million more,  
I'll come back to my sweetheart again.

Love, oh, love! 'tis careless love (*twice*)  
You have broken the heart of many a poor boy,  
But you will never break this heart of mine.<sup>3</sup>

I cried last night when I come home (*twice*)  
I cried last night and night before;  
I'll cry to-night; then I'll cry no more.

Who will shoe your pretty feet?  
And who will glove your hand?

<sup>1</sup> Evidently from a broadside (cf. this Journal, vol. xxvi, p. 176).

<sup>2</sup> Long *u* before *r*, in Southern speech, is changed to long *o*. So "se cyore," "endore."

<sup>3</sup> For the same sentiment cf. this Journal, vol. xxii, p. 249.

Who will kiss your red rosy cheeks?  
When I am in that far-off land? <sup>1</sup>

"Pa will shoe my pretty little feet;  
Ma will glove my hand;  
You may kiss my red rosy cheeks,  
When you come from that far-off land."

4. LADY ISABEL (Child, 4).<sup>2</sup>

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. lent to E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

"Go and take of your father's gold  
And likewise of your mother's fee,  
And two steeds out of your father's stable  
Wherein lays thirty and three."

She went and took of her father's gold  
And likewise of her mother's fee  
And two steeds out of her father's stable  
Wherein lay thirty and three.

She jumped on the bony, bony black,  
And him <sup>3</sup> on the dapple gray  
And rid off from her father's bowers  
Two long hours before it was day.

When they got near to their journey's end  
It was near to the bank of the sea.  
He turned round to his pretty Colin  
Saying "I've something to say unto thee.

"It's six king's daughters I have drowned here  
And you the seventh shall be."

"Hush up, hush up! you false-hearted knight,  
Did you not promise me  
You'd take me to the land of old Scotland  
And there you would marry me?"

"Pull off, pull off your Holland gown  
And lay it upon the rocks  
For it's too fine and costilie  
To rot in the sea salt sand.

"Pull off, pull off your Holland gown  
And lay it upon the ground  
For it's too fine and costilie  
For to rot in the watery tomb."

<sup>1</sup> With this stanza compare Child, No. 76. It occurs also popularly in Kentucky. Compare also this Journal, vol. xxii, p. 240.

<sup>2</sup> Compare this Journal, vol. xix, p. 232; vol. xxii, p. 65; vol. xxiii, pp. 132, 374.

<sup>3</sup> The mountain folk use an accusative of the absolute instead of the nominative,—  
"him done gone" (he being gone).

"Turn yourself all round and about  
And your face to the leaves of the tree,  
For it's not fit such a villain as you  
A naked woman should see."

Then he turned himself all round and about  
And his face to the leaves of the tree;  
Then she picked him [up] so manfullie  
And she hoved him into the sea.

"Lie there, lie there, you false-hearted knight,  
Lie there instead of me;  
You stripped me as naked as ever I was born  
And I'll take nothing from thee."

Then she jumped on her bony, bony black  
And she led the dapple gray  
When she got back to her father's bowers  
Three long hours before it was day.

Then up bespoke the pretty parrot  
From the cage wherein it lay  
"What ails you, my pretty Colin,  
That you travel so long before day?"  
"Hush up, hush up, you pretty parrot,  
And tell no tales on me,  
And your cage shall be made of the best of beaten gold  
And hang on a willow tree."

Then up spoke this good old man  
From the chamber where he lies [lay?]  
"What ails you, my pretty parrot,  
That you pray so long before day?"  
"There was a cat came to my cage door  
A-threatening to worry me,  
And I had to call my pretty Colin  
To drive that cat away."

##### 5. THE TURKISH LADY (Child, 52).<sup>1</sup>

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. lent E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

Lord Bacon was a nobleman,  
As fair one as you should see,  
He gathered all his silks and rubies;  
The Turkish land he'd go and see.

He first blowed east and then blowed west  
And he blowed down to the Turkish land  
The Turks they got him and so sadly used him  
To love his life he was quite wearied.

<sup>1</sup> Compare this Journal, vol. xviii, p. 209; vol. xx, p. 251; vol. xxii, p. 68; vol. xxiii, p. 450; see also Harvard College Library 25254.12.10.

They bored a hole in his left shoulder  
And nailed him down unto a tree  
They gave him nothing but bread and water  
And bread and water but once a day.

The Turks they had but one fair daughter,  
As fair a one as you should see;  
She stole the keys of the prison strong  
And vowed Lord Bacon she would set free.

She said, "Have you got any land or living,  
Or have you any dwelling free?  
Would you give it all to a Prince's daughter  
If she would set you at liberty?"

Then he says, "I've got a land and living,  
And I have got a dwelling free;  
And I'll give it all to you, pretty creature,  
If you will do that thing for me."

She went on to her Master's cellar,  
And from her father stole a jail key.  
She opened the dungeon both deep and wide,  
And vowed Lord Bacon she would set free.

Then she took him to her master's cellar  
And drew some of the best port wine,  
And, "Drink a health to you, pretty creature!"  
"I wish, Lord Bacon, that you were mine!"

And then they drewed each other's notes of love,  
And seven years they were to stand;  
He vowed he'd marry no other woman  
Unless she married some other man.

Then she took him on to the sea-side  
And left him sailing over the main.  
"Fare ye well! Fare ye well! you pretty creature!  
Oh, when shall I see you again!"

When seven years were past and gone  
And seven months and almost three,  
She gathered all her silks and rubies  
And vowed Lord Bacon she'd go and see.

When she got to Lord Bacon's hall  
She knocked so far below the ring,  
"Oh, yes! oh, yes!" said the bold proud porter,  
"She knocks so hard, fain would she come in."

"Is this Lord Bacon's hall?" she said;  
"Or is there any man within?"  
"Oh, yes! oh, yes!" said the bold proud porter,  
This day has fetched him a young bride in."



[Stanza missing here.]

She says, "Now you've married some other woman  
And I have married no other man;  
I wish I had my notes of love,  
Straight back to the Turkish land I'd go."

Then up spoke the young bride's mother,  
An angry spoken old thing was she,  
Saying, "Would you quit my own fair daughter  
And take up with a Turkish ladye?"

He said, "You may take your daughter home with you,  
For I'm sure she's none the worse for me,  
For the prettiest thing stands here awaiting  
That ever my two eyes did see.

She's got a ring on every finger,  
And on her middle one she's got three,  
And gold around her neck a-plenty  
To buy all Cumberland of thee."

He took her by the lily-white hand  
And took her to his master's cellar  
And drew some of the best port wine  
Saying, "Drink a health, pretty creature,  
Who freed me from such a prison strong."

He took her by the lyly-white hand  
And gently led her to his hall  
And changed her name from Pretty Nancy  
And called her name, it was noble Jane.

6. GEORGE COLLINS (Child, 85).

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. given E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

George Collins rode home one cold winter night,  
George Collins rode home so fine,  
George Collins rode home one cold winter night,  
He taken <sup>1</sup> sick and died.

A fair young lady in her father's house  
A-sewing her silk so fine  
And when she heard that George was dead  
She threw it down and cried.

"O daughter, don't weep! O daughter, don't mourn!  
There are more boys than one."  
"O mother dear! he has my heart,  
And now he's dead and gone."

"The happiest hours I ever spent  
Were when I was by his side;

<sup>1</sup> The regular past tense of "take" in the Appalachian Mountains.

The saddest news I ever heard  
Was when George Collins died."

She followed him up, she followed him down;  
She followed him to his grave,  
And there she fell on her bended knees;  
She wept; she mourned; she prayed.

"Unscrew the coffin; lay back the lid;  
Roll down the linen so fine;  
And let me kiss his cold pale lips,  
For I know he will never kiss mine.

"Whenever you hear some lonesome dove  
Go flying from pine to pine  
A-mourning for its own true-love  
As I have mourned for mine."

#### 7. FAIR ELLENDER (Child, 73).<sup>1</sup>

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. lent E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

"Come riddle to me my own true mother,  
Come riddle us all as one,  
Whether I must marry fair Ellender or not,  
Or bring the brown girl home" (*twice*).

"The brown girl she has house and lands;  
Fair Ellender she has none;  
And I advise you, my own heart's blessing,  
Go bring the brown girl home."

. . . . .

"Go saddle up my milk white steed,  
Yourself you must dress in green."  
And every town that she rode through  
They took her to be a queen.

. . . . .

"Go dig my grave both wide and deep,  
And paint my coffin black,  
And bury fair Ellender in my arms,  
And the brown girl at my back.

"Oh, dig my grave, dear mother," he said;  
"Dig it both wide and deep;  
And bury fair Ellender in my arms,  
And the brown girl at my feet."

#### 8. EARL BRAND (Child, 7).

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. lent E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

"Rise up, you seven bretherens,  
And bring your sister down;

<sup>1</sup> Compare this Journal, vol. xix, p. 235; vol. xx, p. 254; vol. xxiv, p. 332.

It shall never be said that a steward's son  
Had taken her out of town."

"I thank you kindly, sir," he says;  
"I am no steward's son,  
My father is of a regis king,  
My mother's a quaker's queen."

He mound her on a milk-white steed,  
He rode the dapple gray,  
He swung a bugle horn all round about his neck,  
And so went blowing away.

He had not got three mile of town  
Till he looked back again,  
And saw her father and seven bretherens  
Come tripling over the plain.

"Sit you down, fair Ellender," he said;  
"And hold this steed by the rein,  
Till I play awhile with your father  
And your seven bretherens."

Fair Ellender she sat still;  
It wasn't long till she saw  
Her own dear seven bretherens  
All wallowing in their blood.

Fair Ellender she sat still;  
She never changed a note,  
Till she saw her own dear father's head  
Come tumbling by her foot.

Saying, "Love runs free in every vein  
But father you have no more;  
If you're not satisfied with this,  
I wish you were in your mother's chamber  
And me <sup>1</sup> in some house or room."

"If I was in my mother's chamber,  
You'd be welcome there;  
I'll wind you east, I'll wind you west,  
I'll wind along with you."

He mound her on a milk-white steed,  
He rode the dapple gray,  
He swung a bugle all round about his neck,  
And so went bleeding away.

As he rode up to his father's gate,  
He tinkled at the ring,  
Saying, "O dear father, asleep or awake,  
Arise and let me in."

<sup>1</sup> Another accusative absolute.

"O sister, sister! make my bed;  
 My wounds are very sore."  
 Saying, "O dear mother! oh, bind up my head,  
 For me you'll bind no more."

It was about three hours till day  
 The cocks began to crow;  
 From every wound that he received  
 His heart blood began to flow.

Sweet William he died like it might be to-day;  
 Fair Ellender to-morrow;  
 Sweet William died for the wounds he received;  
 Fair Ellen died for sorrow.

Fair Ellender was buried by the church door;  
 Sweet William was buried by her;  
 And out of her breast sprung a blood red rose,  
 And out of his a briar.

They grewed, they grewed to the top of the church,  
 Till they could grow no higher,  
 And there they tied a true lover's knot,  
 And the rose ran round the briar.

#### 9. LADY MARGET (Child, 74).<sup>1</sup>

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. lent E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

Sweet William arose one morning in May  
 And dressed himself in blue,  
 "Pray, tell me all about that long, long love  
 Betwixt Lady Marget and you."

"It's I know nothing of Lady Marget,  
 And she knew nothing of me.  
 To-morrow morning at eight o'clock  
 Lady Marget my bride shall see."

As she was a-standing in her bower room,  
 A-combing back her hair,  
 She saw sweet William and his brown broughten bride  
 As they drew near to her.

Back she threw her ivory comb,  
 And back she threw her hair;  
 Then she ran to her bed-chamber  
 Nevermore to appear.

That very same night when they were all in the bed,  
 When they were all in the bed asleep,  
 Lady Marget rose, stood all alone  
 At sweet William's bed feet.

<sup>1</sup> Compare this Journal, vol. xix, p. 281; vol. xxiii, p. 381.



"And how do you like your bed, sweet William,  
And how do you like your sheet?  
Or how do you like your brown broughten bride  
That lies in your arms asleep?"

Very well, very well, I like my bed;  
Very well I like my sheet;  
Ten thousand times better I like the lady gay  
That stands at my bed feet.

Sweet William arose; stood all alone,  
And tingled at the ring;  
There's none so ready but her seven brothers all  
To rise and let him in.

"Oh, where is Lady Marget?" he says;  
"Oh, where is Lady Marget?" he cries.  
"Lady Marget is the girl I always did adore,  
And she stole my heart away.

"Is she in her bower room  
Or is she in her hall?  
Or is she in her bed-chamber  
Amongst her merry maids all?"

"She is not in her bower room,  
Nor neither in her hall;  
But she is in her cold, cold coffin,  
Her pale face towards the wall.

And down he pulled the milk-white sheets  
That were made of satin so fine:  
"Ten thousand times you have kissed my lips,  
And now, love, I'll kiss thine."

Three times he kissed her snowy white breast;  
Three times he kissed her cheeks;  
But when he kissed her cold clay lips,  
His heart was broke within.

"What will you have at Lady Marget's burying?  
Will you have bread and wine?  
To-morrow morning at eight o'clock  
The same will be had at mine."

They buried Lady Marget at the church door  
And buried sweet William by her;  
Out of Lady Marget's grave sprung a green, green rose,  
Out of sweet William's a briar.

They grew and grew to the top of the church  
And they could grow no higher.  
And they tied a true love's knot  
And lived and died together.

10. WILEY BOLIN.<sup>1</sup>

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; recitation of F. Le Tellier; 1907.)

Wiley Bolin had a good ole mare,

Hurrah!

Wiley Bolin had a good ole mare,

Hurrah!

Eyes knocked out en sides caved in,

Hurrah!

"A durn good mare!" said Wiley Bolin,

Hurrah!

He rode her up to Miss Malvern's house,

Hurrah!

He rode her up to Miss Malvern's house,

Hurrah!

En they bowed en scraped, en welcomed him in,

Hurrah!

"I've come to marry!" said Wiley Bolin,

Hurrah!

"Which one uv my daughters do you love best?"

Hurrah!

"Take your selection among the rest,"

Hurrah!

"I'll marry one fer love, en I'll marry one fer kin;"

Hurrah!

"So I'll marry 'em both," said Wiley Bolin,

Hurrah!

After the ball the floor's swept clean,

Hurrah!

After the ball the floor's swept clean,

Hurrah!

The bed wus spread en the kiver wus thin,

Hurrah!

"I'll sleep in the middle," said Wiley Bolin,

Hurrah!

11. THE SEA-CAPTAIN (cf. Child, 267).<sup>2</sup>

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. given E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

There was a sea captain lately come to shore,

His ragged apparel like one that was poor.

"What news, what news, dear Johnny, what news have you brought to me?"

"It's bad news, madam, I have brought to thee.

"Our ship had a broken voyage and all was lost," said he;

"And all the rest of our merry men got drowned at sea.

<sup>1</sup> Compare Child, No. 39; Eckenstein, p. 52; and Chambers, p. 33; see also Harvard College Library, 25254.10.5.<sup>2</sup> Compare this Journal, vol. xxv, p. 7.

"Call down your daughter Polly, and set her down by me;  
We'll drink and drown all sorrow, and married we will be."

"My daughter Polly's busy and cannot come to thee,  
And neither can I trust you for one bowl or three."

Then poor Johnny smiled and hung down his head.  
"Go light the candle and show me the bed."

"My green beds are all full and have been this week,  
And therefore poor Johnny his lodging may seek."

"Pray, tell me what I owe you, and that I will pay;  
Pray, tell me what I owe you, and without delay."

"Here's fifty of the new score and something of the old."  
Then poor Johnny pulled out both hands full of gold.

When the old hag saw the money, then she began to rue;  
Said, "Come back, dear Johnny, I have not done with you."

"If you were in earnest, I was only in a jest;  
Upon my reputation I love you the best."

"For my green beds are all empty and have been for a week,  
For you and my daughter Polly to take a pleasant sleep."

"No, I won't lie in your green beds, I'd rather lie in the street;  
For when I had no money, out of doors I was kicked."

"Now I've got money plenty, I'll make the tavern roar;  
With ale and beer and brandy I'll drink about galore."

## 12. SANDY.<sup>1</sup>

(From Kentucky; recitation of Miss Mary Kahn; 1913.)

The moon had climbed the highest hill that rises o'er the source of Dee,  
And from the eastern summit shed its silvery light o'er land and sea.

And Mary laid her down to sleep, her thoughts of Sandy far at sea,  
When soft and low a voice she heard, saying, "Mary, weep no more for me."

She from her pillow gently raised her head to ask who there might be,  
And saw young Sandy shivering stand, with pallid cheek and hollow eye.

"O Mary, dear! cold is my clay, that sleeps beneath the raging sea;"  
And soft and low a voice she heard, saying, "Mary, weep no more for me."

"Three days and nights we strove to save our little bark upon the sea,  
But all our striving was in vain; so, Mary, weep no more for me."

Loud struck the clock, the shadow fled; no more of Sandy could she see;  
But soft and low a voice she heard, saying, "Mary, weep no more for me."

<sup>1</sup> A well-preserved version of an old Scottish song. Contrast the flavor of this with material of non-literary origin, — say, with "Franky" of this collection.

## 13. THERE WAS AN OLD MAN.

(From Kentucky; MS. of Miss Kahn; 1913.)

There was an old man came over the Dee;  
 Ha! ha! ha! but I won't have him!  
 Came over the Dee, a-courting me,  
 With his old beard so newly shaven.

My mother she told me to open the door;  
 I opened the door and he bowed to the floor.

My mother she told me to hang up his hat;  
 I hung up his hat and he grinned like a cat.

My mother she told me to give him a stool;  
 I gave him a stool and he looked like a fool.

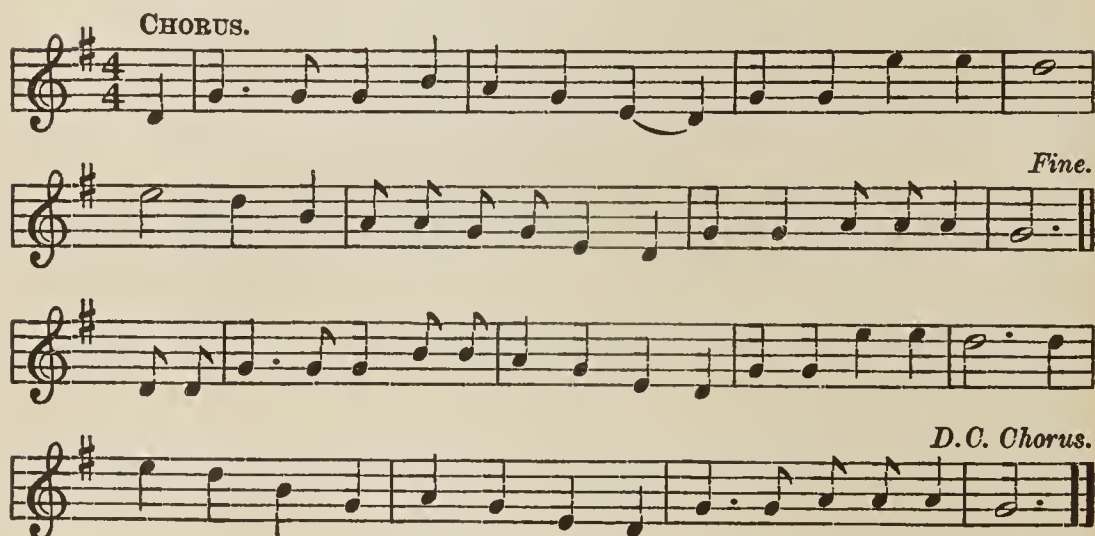
My mother she told me to give him some fish;  
 I gave him some fish and he ate up the dish.

My mother she told me to give him some pie;  
 I gave him some pie and he cried "Oh, my!"

My mother she told me to lead him to church;  
 I led him to church but I left him in the lurch.

## 14. SOLDIER, WON'T YOU MARRY ME?

(From Virginia; country whites; singing of Miss N. B. Graham; 1913.)



"Soldier, won't you marry me with your fife and drum?"  
 "Oh, no! my pretty little miss; I have no coat to put on."  
 Then away she ran to the tailor's shop as fast as she could run,  
 And bought the finest coat in town for the soldier-boy to put on.

"Now, soldier, won't you," etc. (*with each article of clothing*)

"Now, soldier, won't you marry me with your fife and drum?"  
 "Oh, no! my pretty little miss! I have a wife at home."



15. OLD SMOKY.

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. written for E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

On the top of old Smoky all covered in snow  
I lost my true lover by sparking too slow.<sup>1</sup>

Sparking is a pleasure, parting is a grief,  
And a false hearted is worse than a thief.

A thief will only rob you, will take what you have,  
And a false-hearted lover will take you to the grave.

The grave will only decay you, turn you to dust;  
There's not one boy in a hundred a poor girl can trust.

They will tell you they love you to give your heart ease,  
And as soon as your back's upon them they'll court who they please.

"It's a raining, it's a hailing; that moon gives no light;  
Your horses can't travel this dark lonesome night.

"Go put up your horses, feed them some hay;  
Come and set down here by me, love, as long as you stay."

"My horses are not hungry, they won't eat your hay:  
So farewell, my little darling! I'll feed on my way.

"I will drive on to Georgia, write you my mind;  
My mind is to marry, love, and leave you behind.

"Your parents is against me; mine is the same;  
If I'm down on your book, love, please rub off my name."

"I go upon old Smoky on the mountain so high,  
Where the wild birds and the turtle-dove can hear my sad cry."

"As sure as the dew drops grows on the green corn,  
Last night I were with her, but to-night she is gone."

16. I'M GOING TO GEORGIA.

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. lent E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

Once I loved a young man as dear as my life,  
And he oftentimes would promise to make me his wife.

*Refrain.*

I'm going to Georgia, I'm going to roam,  
I'm going to Georgia to make it my home.

His promises fulfilled and he made me his wife,<sup>2</sup>  
So you see what I have come to by believing his lies.

<sup>1</sup> Compare this Journal, vol. xx, p. 273.

<sup>2</sup> The vowel in this word is pronounced like that in "lies," so that there is perfect  
assonance.

Come, all ye fair ladies, take warning by me:  
 Never cast your affections on a green growing tree;  
 For the leaves may wither and the flowers may die;  
 Some young man may fool you as one has fooled I.  
 For they'll hug you and kiss you and tell you more lies  
 Than cross-ties on the railroad or stars in the skies.

### 17. THE SILK MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.<sup>1</sup>

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. given E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

There was a rich gentleman in London did right,  
 Had one lovely daughter her beauty shined bright.  
 She loved a porter, and to prevent the day  
 Of marriage they sent this poor young man away.

Oh, now he has gone for to serve his king  
 It grieves this lady to think of the thing.  
 She dressed herself up in rich merchant's shape;  
 She wandered away her true-love for to seek.  
 As she was travelling one day almost night  
 A couple of Indians appeared in her sight.<sup>2</sup>

And as they drew nigh her, oh, this they did say:  
 "Now we're resolved to take your life away."  
 She had nothing by her but a sword to defend;  
 These barbarous Indians murder intend.

But in the contest one of them she did kill,  
 Which caused the other for to leave the hill.  
 As she was a-sailing over the tide  
 She spied a city down by the seaside.

She saw her dear porter a-walking the street;  
 She made it her business her true love to meet.  
 "How do, you do, sir? where do you belong?"  
 "I'm a-hunting a diamond, and I must be gone."

He says, "I'm no sailor; but if you want a man,  
 For my passage over I'll do all I can."  
 Then straightway they both went on board.  
 Says the captain to the young man, "What did you do with your sword?"  
 On account of long travel on him she did gaze.  
 "Once by my sword my sweet life I did save."

Then straightway to London their ship it did steer;  
 Such utter destruction to us did appear;  
 It was all out on main sea to our discontent,  
 Our ship sprung a leak and to the bottom she went.

<sup>1</sup> A version of the broadside "Jackass" (cf. this *Journal*, vol. xx, p. 269).

<sup>2</sup> Does this represent an American accretion?

There was four and twenty of us all contained in one boat;  
Our provision gave out and our allowance grew short;  
Our provisions gave out, and, death drawing nigh,  
Says the captain, "Let's cast lots for to see who shall die."

Then down on a paper each man's name was wrote;  
Each man ran his venture, each man had his note.  
Amongst this whole ship's crew this maid's was the least;  
It was her lot to die for to feed all the rest.

Now, says the captain, "Let's cast lots and see  
Amongst the ship's crew who the butcher will be."  
It's the hardest of fortune you ever did hear:  
This maid to be killed by the young man, her dear.

He called for a basin for to catch the blood  
While this fair lady a-trembling stood,  
Saying, "Lord have mercy on me how my poor heart do bleed  
To think I must die hungry men for to feed."

Then he called for a knife his business to do;  
She says, "Hold your hand for a minute or two.  
A silk merchant's daughter in London I be.  
Pray, see what I've come to by loving of thee."

Then she shewed a ring betwixt them was broke.  
Knowing the ring, with a sigh then he spoke:  
"For the thoughts of your dying my poor heart will burst;  
For the hopes of your long life, love, I will die first."

Says the captain, "If you love her, you'll make her amend,  
But the fewest of number will die for a friend.  
So quicken the business and let it be done."  
But while they were speaking, they all heard a gun.

Says the captain, "You may now all hold your hand;  
We all hear a gun; we are near ship or land."  
In about half an hour to us did appear  
A ship bound for London which did our hearts cheer.

It carried us safe over and us safe conveyed;  
And then they got married this young man and maid.

18. WHEN I BECAME A ROVER.

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. given E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

When I became a rover, it grieved my heart most sore  
To leave my aged parents to never see them more.

My parents did treat me tenderly, they had no child but me;  
But my mind was bent on roving; with them I couldn't agree.

There was a noble gentleman in yonder town drew nigh;  
He had one only daughter; on her I cast my eye.

She was young and tall and handsome, most beautiful and fair;  
There wasn't a girl in that whole town with her I could compare.

I told her my intention, it was to cross the main.  
It's, "Love, will you prove faithful till I return again?"

She said she would prove faithful till death did prove unkind;  
We kissed, shook hands, and parted; I left my girl behind.

It's when I left old Ireland to Scotland I was bound;  
I'll march from Zion to me to view the country round.

The girls were fair and plenty there, and all to me proved kind;  
But the dearest object of my heart was the girl I left behind.

I walked out one evening all down the George's square;  
The mail-coach ship had just arose when the post-boy met me there.

He handed me a letter that gave me to understand  
That the girl I left behind me had wedded to another man.

I advanced a little further; I found the news quite true;  
I turned myself all round and about; I knew not what to do.

I'll serve my trade; I'll give my woe;<sup>1</sup> bad company I'll resign;  
I'll rove around from town to town for the girl I left behind.

#### 19. WILLIAM TAYLOR.<sup>2</sup>

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. lent E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

Oh, William was a youthful lovyer,  
Full of youth and wealth and heir;  
And first his love he could discover  
Was on a charming lady fair.

Samuel knowing nothing of Billy's doings  
Till Billy gained in great success;  
And Samuel swore he'd be Billy's ruin;  
He'd deprive him of all happiness.

The day was set for to get married,  
And dressed he was and all ready.  
Instead of Billy's getting married,  
Pressed he was and sent to sea.

Oh, must I live on bread and water  
Till his fair face I see again?  
She dressed herself in the sailor's jacket,  
And then on sea she did go.

Her little fingers both slim and slender  
With kitchen fare must all be stained.

. . . . .  
. . . . .

<sup>1</sup> Another version of this apparent broadside, also furnished by Mr. Caldwell, reads here, "I'll bear my woes."

<sup>2</sup> Compare this *Journal*, vol. xxii, p. 380.



Out on sea there rose a dreadful screaming,  
And her<sup>1</sup> being among the rest,  
A silver button flew off her jacket,  
And a sailor spied her snowy white breast.

It's, "O pretty miss! what is the matter?  
Oh, what misfortune's brought you here?"  
"I'm on pursuit of my own true lovyer  
Sailed away the other year."

"If you're on pursuit of your own true lovyer,  
Pray, tell to me what is his name."

"His name it be one William Taylor,  
Pressed he was from the Isle of Graham."

"If his name be William Taylor,  
Very like I know the man;  
If you'll rise up early in the morning,  
You'll see him a-walking down the strand."

She arose early the next morning,  
Just about the break of day,  
And there she spied her own love William Taylor  
Come walking with his lady gay.

"If that be my William Taylor,"  
She cried, "alas! what shall I do?"  
She wrung her lily white hands  
And over bow her body threw.

This lady died for William Taylor;  
The watery main it was her grave.  
The whole ship's crew they tried to save her,  
But all they strived it was in vain.

## 20. THE DAMSEL DISGUISED.<sup>2</sup>

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. lent E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

Come, all you fair ladies that's linked in Cupid's chain;  
I'll tell you of a damsel a-sporting on the plain.  
It was her and her dear Billy that used to sport and play,  
And the press-gang followed after and pressed her love away.

With bitter screams and crying she ran and tore her hair.  
She said, "I'll go distracted for losing of my dear."  
She wished the wars might kill them that pressed her love away,  
And would leave their bodies sinking forever in the sea.

Then straightway she went home and dressed like any duke with a star  
upon her breast.

She swore she'd kill the Captain if he her miss list.<sup>3</sup>  
The officers stood a-gazing this noble duke to see,  
To think he was a-coming there commander for to be.

<sup>1</sup> Accusative absolute.

<sup>2</sup> Compare this Journal, vol. xxiv, p. 338, for a broadside something like this.

<sup>3</sup> MS. reads thus, evidently for "mislest," given as a dialectic form of "molest."

Now, straightway she walked up, took this young man by the hand,  
 Saying, "You are my prisoner, and you I'll command;  
 You robbed me of my treasure; I'll try you for your life."  
 "I never robbed a man," says he, "a man in all my life."

Hand in hand they walked on till they came to a shade;  
 Then she began to ask him if he knew such<sup>1</sup> a maid.  
 His eyes they overflowed with tears a-hearing of her name.  
 "Hold your tongue, my dear!" she said, "for I'm the very same."

Then into his love's arms like lightning he did fly:  
 "Oh, my dearest jewel, how could you all this do?  
 How could you venture your sweet life to cross the raging sea?"  
 "I ventured life for fortune this young man's wife to be."

## 21. THE PRENTICE BOY.<sup>2</sup>

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. given E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

When I was brought up in Ireland to a note of high degree,  
 My parents they adored me; no other child but me.  
 I raked and rambled over, just as my fancies led;  
 At length I came a prentice boy; my joys they soon all fled.

My mistress and my master they didn't use me well;  
 I formed a resolution not long with them to dwell.  
 Unbeknown to friends and parents, from them I stole away;  
 I steered my course to Dublin, so bitter be that day!

I hadn't been in Dublin more than weeks two or three,  
 Before my worthy mistress grew very fond of me.  
 And "Here's my gold and silver, my horses and free land;  
 If you'll consent to marry me, it's all at your command."

It's, "Oh, my worthy mistress, I cannot wed you now,  
 For I'm promised to pretty Polly, besides a solemn vow;  
 I'm promised to pretty Polly and bounded in an oath;  
 I'm promised to pretty Polly and I cannot wed you both."

I stepped out one morning to take the pleasant air;  
 My mistress in the garden a-viewing sweet flowers there;  
 The rings that's on her fingers as she came passing by  
 She dropped into my pocket and for them I must die.

My mistress swore against me, and she had me brought  
 Before the cruel justice to answer for that fault.  
 My mistress swore I robbed her, which lodged me into jail.  
 That's been the provocation of my sad overthrow.

Come, all you bystanders, don't laugh nor frown on me,  
 For I have plead not guilty, you all may plainly see.  
 Here's adieu to pretty Polly! I died a-loving thee.

<sup>1</sup> That is, a certain maid.

<sup>2</sup> Evidently a broadside reworking of the Potiphar's wife theme. See "The Sheffield Apprentice," in Harvard College Library 25254.12.10.

22. POLLY.<sup>1</sup>

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. lent E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

I am a man of honour and from Virginia came;  
I courted a fair damsel, and Polly was her name.

I gained her affection so plainly did show,  
And her self-conceited brother, he proved her overthrow.

Her brother being absent, as we do understand,  
"O sister! don't you have him; he's neither house nor land.

"Sister, don't you have him; here's one handsome gown;  
Two more I will give to you, the best in Campbell<sup>2</sup> town."

It filled her heart with sorrow; she stepped aside to cry,  
"If I had all the silks and satins that ever crossed the sea,  
Freely would I give it all if my friends could all agree."

Then to meet with lovely Polly I travelled day and night,  
Hoping when I met with her it was to take delight.

When I met with her it was my sad surprise  
How the tears were falling from her most charming eyes.

"What's the matter, Polly, what makes you look so sad?  
Have I give you any reasons to cause you to be mad?

"If I gave you any reason, love, it ne'er was my intent.  
Pray, tell to me, dear Polly, what makes you so lament.

"You've altered your mind, love, as I do understand,  
For a three gown pattern<sup>3</sup> and but one of them in hand.

"You've altered your mind, love, and has [have?] a mind to rue;<sup>4</sup>  
I hope I'll find some other girl I love as well as you.

"Love is a thing, my dear, that can't be bought nor sold.  
Love's been more dear to me than ten thousand pounds of gold."

23. YOUNG EDWARDS.

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. lent E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

I am a dying soldier lying near the battle field,  
My comrades gathering round me down by my side to kneel.

To gaze upon young Edwards, who raised a drooping head,  
Saying, "Who will care for mother when her soldier boy is dead?"

Go tell my old father in death I prayed for him  
That we might meet in a world that's freed from [death and] sin.

<sup>1</sup> A ballad of the broadside type, apparently of American manufacture.

<sup>2</sup> A town in Albemarle County.

<sup>3</sup> That is, "for the makings of three gowns." A "boat pattern" is lumber enough to make a boat.

<sup>4</sup> That is, to swap back again, as in a trading of knives.



I am my father's only son, my mother's only joy;  
She weeps the tears of angels for her dying soldier boy.

Go tell my little sister for me she must not weep,  
Here no more by her fireside take her on my [knee?]

Nor sing them little songs to her she used to hear me sing,  
For her brother's lying bleeding at the battle of Mill Springs.

I am my father's only son to comfort his old age,  
My heart is like a captured bird a-fluttering in its cage.

But when I heard my name was called for a soldier to be,  
I voted for the Union and for its liberty.

Now, listen, comrades, listen, of the girl I speak of now!  
[Line missing.]

But little does she care for me: she walks along and sings,  
And her true-love lying bleeding at the battle of Mill Springs.

Many a thousand soldier who raised a drooping head  
To gaze upon young Edwards, who prayed before he died.<sup>1</sup>

The stars and stripes he kissed them and layed them by his side:  
"Here's three cheers for the Union!" and he dropped his head and died.

#### 24. COLONEL SHARP.<sup>2</sup>

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. given E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

Gentlemen and Ladies, I pray you lend an ear;  
A very sad story you now shall quickly hear;  
It was of a bold young lawyer lived in Kentucky state  
Who on his own true lovyer with patience he did wait.

<sup>1</sup> "Ere the soldier boy was dead"?

<sup>2</sup> The killing on which this ballad is based occurred in Frankfort in 1824. It became the basis of widely spread ballads. To students of American literature the affair is of interest, in that it was the basis of Poe's fragmentary tragedy *Politian*, Hoffman's *Greys-laer*, and of some four or five other pieces of American literature. Jereboam O. Beauchamp, a young student of law living in Glasgow, Ky., learned from a fellow-student that Col. Sol. P. Sharp, under whom Beauchamp expected to study law, had been guilty of seducing Miss Ann Cook. He conceived at once a contempt for Sharp, and through sympathy for the girl sought her acquaintance. He soon fell in love with Miss Cook, and asked her to marry him. She made one condition, that he kill Sharp. He agreed to the condition, and tried to make Sharp fight. Sharp refused and kept out of Beauchamp's way. Beauchamp made all his neighbors believe that he and his wife (the two had married in the mean time) were going to move to Missouri. He arranged that just before his proposed departure urgent business should take him to Frankfort, where Sharp held the position of attorney-general. Beauchamp, having disguised himself as a negro, called Sharp out of his home at night and killed him. He then sunk his disguise in the river, and, having put on his own clothes again, slipped back into his hotel. On the next day he returned to his home; but he was suspected, arrested, and convicted. He and his wife both tried to commit suicide by drinking poison. The wife died of the poison one hour after the husband was executed for his deed. While in prison, Beauchamp wrote at length a Confession, which is occasionally seen even now for sale.



She told him she would marry him if he would avenge her heart  
Of injury had been done her by one said Colonel Sharpe,  
She said he had reduced her and brought her spirits low  
“And without some satisfaction no pleasures can I know.”

It's “Oh, my dearest Jewel, that's pleasant talk to me.  
To kill the man who injured you I really do feel free;  
For I never could expect you for to become my wife  
Until I did attack him and surely take his life.”

He had made some preparations and on to Frankfort went;  
To kill this noble Colonel it was his whole intent.  
He took him out to one side and gave to him a knife.  
He said, “I cannot fight you if this lady be your wife.”

He went down to Frankfort all on the very next day.  
He hunted Frankfort over, and Sharpe had gone away.  
He turned to his lovyer and told her what he'd done,  
And both agreed within themselves they'd let him longer run.

She made a mask of black silk and put it on his head;  
So they might think he was some negro as he ran from the bed.  
He slipped along most secretly till he came to Colonel Sharpe;  
Called him from his bed chamber and stabbed him to his heart.

And then this Colonel's friends they all came flocking round.

. . . . .

And wasn't it most sorrowful to see him bleed and die,  
And leave his little children and his poor wife to cry?

And then his dearest lovyer turned to his loving wife,  
Says, “Oh, my dearest Jewel, I've took that Colonel's life.  
And now we will prepare ourselves and to Missouri run,<sup>1</sup>  
And I hope we'll be more happier than when we first begun.”

She said, “Oh, my dearest Jewel, just do as you please;  
You've took me out of trouble and set me at my ease.”  
This couple was followed after and back was fetched again.  
He was tried by judge and jury, and guilty he was found.  
They carried him to the jail house and in it he was bound.

Then he called for pen and ink to write all around,  
“I want this whole world to know what I have done:  
I've killed this noble Colonel that injured my poor wife  
And always will protect her as long as I have life.

“My dear old father, don't you trouble me;  
And my dear old mother, don't grieve nor cry for me;  
For the laws of old Kentucky say I must shortly die  
And leave my little brothers and sisters here to cry.”

<sup>1</sup> The trip to Missouri was planned before the murder.

Then he says, "Oh, my dearest Jewel, come stay awhile with me,  
For I shortly must leave you to go to eternity.  
May the heavens bless you while here on earth you stay,  
And all my friends protect you and help you on your way."

She says, "My dearest Jewel, I'll stay awhile with you;  
The reasons of your troubles were all because by me."  
She says, "I will stay with you while here on earth you stay,  
And when you're persecuted lie with you in the clay."

She ground her penknife, she ground it keen and sharp;  
While he was talking to her she stabbed it to her heart;  
She gave it to her own true-love, he undertook the same;  
The very second blow he made she stopped it with her hand.

Perhaps there's some one here who'd wish to know their names.  
It was Andy Bowens Beecher and Andy Cooker's dame.  
And wasn't it surprising that they behaved so brave,  
And in each other's bosom lay mouldering in the grave?  
Was ever a transaction that caused so much blood  
Was ever a true-hearted man more constant to his love?

## 25. PEARL BRYN.<sup>1</sup>

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. lent E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

Down, down in yonder valley where the flowers fade and bloom,  
Our own Pearl Bryn is sleeping in her cold and silent tomb.  
She did not die broken hearted nor from lingering illness fell,  
But in one instant parted from a home she loved so well.

One night when the moon shone brightly and the stars were shining too,  
When up to her cottage window her jealous lover drew.  
"Come, Pearl, and let us wander in the valley deep and gay;  
Come, love, and let us ponder upon our wedding day."

Deep, deep into the valley he led his love so dear;  
Says she, "'Tis for you only that I have wandered here;  
The way seems dark and dreary, and I'm afraid to stay;  
Besides, I'm worn and weary and would retrace my way."

"Retrace your way? No, never! These woods you'll roam no more;  
No one on earth can save you; Pearl Bryn, you now must die."  
Down on her knees before him she pleaded for her life;  
Deep, deep into her bosom he plunged the fatal knife.

"What have I done, Scot Jackson, that you should take my life?  
I always loved you dearly and would have been your wife.  
Farewell, my loving parents, you'll see my face no more;  
Long, long you'll wait my coming at the little cottage door.

"Farewell, my darling sisters, my peaceful happy home!  
Farewell, my dear old schoolmates, with you no more I'll roam!"

<sup>1</sup> Compare this *Journal*, vol. xx, p. 264.

When birds were sweetly singing their bright and joyous songs  
They found Pearl Bryn's body on the cold and silent ground.<sup>1</sup>

26. SPRINGFIELD MOUNTAIN.<sup>2</sup>

(From Kentucky; mountain whites; MS. of Miss Sanders; 1912.)

Johnny Ray went out one day  
Into the meadow for to mow some hay.

Mowed round and round and at last did feel  
A pizen sarpent bite his heel.

"Oh, Johnny dear, why did you go  
Into the meadow that hay for to mow?"

"Oh, Mary dear, I thought you knowed  
Daddy's hay had to be mowed."

At last he died; gave up the ghost;  
And on to Abraham's bosom did coast,

Crying, crying, as he went,  
"Cruel, cruel sar-pi-ent!"

27. JOHNNY'S SO LONG AT THE FAIR.<sup>3</sup>

(From Mississippi; country whites; recitation of Mrs. Brown; 1909.)

Oh, dear! what can the matter be? (*twice*)  
Johnny's so long at the fair.  
He promised to bring me a basket of roses,  
A basket of pinks, and a basket of posies,  
A little straw hat, and a bunch of blue ribbon  
To tie up my bonny brown hair.

Oh, dear! what can the matter be? (*twice*)  
Johnny's so long at the fair.  
He promised to bring me a ring and a locket,  
A few little things to put in my pocket,  
A little fur cap, and a bunch of blue ribbon  
To tie up my bonny brown hair.

28. FORSAKEN.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Miss Kent; 1909.)

My Willie is a good boy, a good boy is he;  
How often he's told me how constant he'd be!  
He's out on the water; he'll sink or he'll swim;  
If he can live without me, I can live without him.  
I'll pull off my grey dress, I'll put on my green;  
If I am forsaken, I'm only sixteen!

<sup>1</sup> Another version of this wide-spread song from Rush Run, W. Va., gives to the girl the name Loretta, and to the boy Willie.

<sup>2</sup> Compare this Journal, vol. xii, p. 242; vol. xiii, pp. 107, 295.

<sup>3</sup> Compare Mother Goose's Book (London, 1910), p. 30.



Forsaken, forsaken, forsaken by one!  
 Poor fool, he's mistaken, if he thinks I will mourn.  
 I'll tell him I love him, to give his heart ease;  
 And then when his back's turned, I'll love who I please.

Green leaves they will wither, and branches decay,  
 And the promise of a young man will soon fade away.  
 Oh, I can live likely! oh, I can live long!  
 I can love an old sweetheart till a new one comes along.<sup>1</sup>

### 29. THE ORPHAN GIRL.<sup>2</sup>

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. lent E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

"No home, no home!" pretty <sup>3</sup> little girl at the door of a princely hall,  
 As she trembling stood on the polished steps and leaned on the marble wall.  
 It was dark and cold and the snow fell fast and the rich man shut his door,  
 As his proud face frowned and he scornfully said, "No room, no room for  
 the poor."

"I must freeze," she said, as she sunk on the porch and strove to wrap her  
 feet

With her tattered dress all covered with snow, all covered with snow and  
 sleet.

Her clothing was thin, and her feet were bare, but the snow had covered  
 her head.

"Give me a home," she mournfully cried, "a home and a piece of bread.

"My father, alas! I never knew," as the tears bedim her eyes;<sup>4</sup>

"My mother sleeps in a new-made grave; I'm an orphan, a beggar to-night."

The rich man slept on his velvet couch and dreamed of his silver and gold.  
 And the poor little girl in her bed of snow murmured, "So cold, so cold!"

The night it passed like a midnight charm, tolled out like a funeral knell.  
 This earth was wrapped in a winding sheet; the drifting snow still fell.  
 The night it passed and morning drew, still laid at the rich man's door,<sup>5</sup>  
 But her soul had fled to a home above where there's room and bread for  
 the poor.

### 30. THE BLIND CHILD'S PRAYER.<sup>6</sup>

A.

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. written for E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

"They tell me, father, that to-night you wed another bride;  
 That you will clasp her in your arms, where my dear mother died.

<sup>1</sup> With this sentiment compare this *Journal*, vol. xx, p. 269.

<sup>2</sup> Evidently the work of the minstrel. Most probably a song from the world of print, that, by reason of its obvious pathos, found a place in the repertoire of the folk. I have another version from Clay County, Kentucky.

<sup>3</sup> Kentucky MS, "Plead a little girl."

<sup>4</sup> Kentucky MS, "With the tears so bright in her eyes." Read "in her eyes so bright."

<sup>5</sup> Kentucky MS., "Morning dawns on the little girl as she lay at the rich man's door."

<sup>6</sup> This is evidently the work of a literary hand. Such songs are often taken over into the possession of folk.



"Her picture's hanging on the wall; her books are lying near;  
And there's the harp her fingers touched, and there's her vacant chair.

"The chair where by her side I've knelt to say her evening prayer;  
Please, father, do not bid me come, for I could not meet her there.

"But when I've cried myself to sleep, as now I often do,  
Then softly to my chamber creep<sup>1</sup> my new mamma and you.

"Then bid her gently press a kiss upon my throbbing brow,  
Just as my own dear mother would. Why, papa, you're weeping now!

"Now let me kneel down by your side and to the Savior pray  
That God's right hand may guide you both through life's long weary way."

The prayer was murmured, and she said, "I'm growing weary now."  
He gently raised her in his arms and laid her on the bed.

Then as he turned to leave the room, one joyful cry was given.  
He turned and caught the last sweet smile; his blind child was in heaven.

They lay her by her mother's side and raised a marble fair,  
And on it engraved these simple words, "There'll be no blind ones there."

B.<sup>2</sup>

(From Kentucky; mountain whites; MS. taken by E. N. Caldwell from a mountain  
banjo-picker's singing; 1913.)

They say her name is Mary too, the name my mother wore,  
Nor will she prove so kind and true as the one you loved before.

Is her step so soft and low, her voice so sweet and mild?  
And do you think she loves me too, your blind and helpless child?

And, father, do not bid me come [to greet your new-made bride];  
I could not meet her in the room [where] my dear mother died.

Her picture's hanging on the walls, her robes are lying there;  
There is the harp her fingers touched, there sits the vacant chair.

Close by her side when [= where?] I have [knelt] to say my evening prayer.  
O father! it would break my heart. I could not meet her there.

### 31. THE SHIP THAT NEVER RETURNED.<sup>3</sup>

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. written for E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

On a summer day when the waves were rippled  
By the softest gentlest breeze  
Did a ship set sail with a cargo laden  
For a port beyond the seas.

<sup>1</sup> Apparently a volitive subjunctive.

<sup>2</sup> The verses here, taken from a badly mangled form of this song, may be added to those of the North Carolina version.

<sup>3</sup> A song well known among the mountain folk of East Tennessee. See Harvard College Library 25241.29.

There were sweet farewells, there were loving signals,  
 While a form was yet discerned;  
 For they knew it not, 'twas a solemn parting,  
 For the ship she never returned.

*Refrain.*

Did she ever return? No, she never returned;  
 For her fate is yet unlearned,  
 Though for years and years there's been kind hearts watching  
 For the ship that never returned.

Said a feeble lad to his anxious mother,  
 "I must cross the wide, wide sea;  
 For they say perchance in a foreign climate  
 There is strength for me."

'Twas a gleam of hope in a maze of danger  
 Her poor heart for her youngest earned<sup>1</sup>  
 Yet she sent him forth with a smile and blessing  
 On the ship that never returned.

"Only one more trip," said a gallant seaman,  
 As he kissed his weeping wife  
 "Only one more bag of this golden treasure,  
 And it will last us all through life.

"Then I spend my days in my cosey cottage  
 And enjoy the rest I have earned;"  
 But alas, poor man! for he sailed commander  
 Of the ship that never returned.

32. A PACKAGE OF OLD LETTERS.<sup>2</sup>

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. written for E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

In a little rosewood casket that is resting on the stand  
 There's a package of old letters written by a cherished hand.

Will you go and bring them, sister, and read them all to-night;  
 I have often tried, but could not, for the tears would blind my sight.

Come up closer to me, sister, let me lean upon your breast;  
 For the tide of life is ebbing, and I fain would be at rest.

Bring the letters he has written, he whose voice I've often heard,  
 Read them over, love, distinctly, for I've cherished every word.

Tell him, sister, when you see him, that I never cease to love;  
 That I dying prayed to him in a better world above.

Tell him that I was supported, never word of censure spoke,  
 But his silence and his absence this poor heart have well-nigh broke.

<sup>1</sup> So spelled in the MS. Possibly Pistol's word.

<sup>2</sup> See Harvard College Library 25241.29.

Tell him that I watched his coming when the noontide sun was high,  
And when at eve the angels set their starlights in the sky.

But when I saw he came not, tell him that I did not chide,  
But I spoke in love about him and I blessed him when I died.

And when in death's white garment you have wrapped my form around,  
And have laid me down to slumber in the quiet churchyard ground,

Place these letters and the picture close beside my pulseless heart.  
We for years have been together, and in death we will not part.

I am ready now, my sister, you may read the letters o'er;  
I will listen to the words of him whom I shall see no more.

And ere you shall have finished should I calmly fall asleep, —  
Fall asleep in death and wake not, — dearest sister, do not weep.

### 33. BILLY GRIMES.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Miss Kent; 1909.)

To-morrow morn I'm sweet sixteen, and Billy Grimes, the drover,  
Has popped the question to me, Ma, and wants to be my lover.  
To-morrow [morn] he says, my Ma, he's coming here quite early,  
To take a pleasant walk with me across the field of barley.

"You must not go, my daughter dear, there is no use in talking.  
You shall not cross the field with Billy Grimes a-walking.  
To think of his presumption! the dirty, ugly drover!  
I wonder where your pride has gone to think of such a rover.

"Old Grimes is dead you know, my Ma, and Billy is so lonely;  
Besides they say of Grimes' estate that Billy is the only  
Surviving heir to all that's left, and that they say is nearly  
A good ten thousand dollars, Ma, about six hundred yearly.

I did not hear, my daughter dear, your last remark quite clearly,  
But Billy is a clever lad and no doubt loves you dearly;  
Remember, then, to-morrow morn, to be up bright and early,  
To take a pleasant walk with him across the field of barley.

### 34. BILL.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of W. P. Bean; 1909.)

I'll tell you of a fellow, a fellow you have seen;  
He's neither blue nor yellow, but altogether green,  
He's altogether green, he's altogether green,  
He's neither blue nor yellow, but altogether green.

His name is not so charming; it's only common Bill;  
He wishes me to marry him, but I hardly think I will.  
I hardly think, etc.

He wrote me a letter, such a letter you have read;  
He said if I didn't marry him he thought 'twould kill him dead.  
He thought, etc.

And the Holy Bible says it is a sin to kill;  
 And since I've thought it over, I think I'll marry Bill.  
 I think, etc.

35. JOHNNY SANDS.<sup>1</sup>

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Miss Kent; 1909.)

A man whose name was Johnny Sands  
 Had married Betsy Hage;  
 And though she brought him gold and lands,  
 She proved a mighty plague.

For oh! she was a scolding wife,  
 Full of caprice and whim;  
 She said that she was tired of life,  
 And that she was tired of him.

Said he, "I will drown myself;  
 The river runs below."  
 Said she, "Pray do, you silly elf;  
 I've wished it long ago."

"For fear that I might courage lack  
 And try to save my life,  
 Pray, tie my hands behind my back."  
 "I will," replied his wife.

She tied them fast as you may think,  
 And when securely done,  
 Says she, "Now stand upon the brink,  
 And I'll prepare to run."

Then down the hill his loving bride  
 Did run with all her force  
 To push him in: he stepped aside,  
 And she fell in, of course.

Then splashing, dashing like a fish,  
 "Oh, save me, Johnny Sands!"  
 "I can't, my dear, though much I wish,  
 For you have tied my hands."

## 36. THE BEAUTIFUL BOY.

(From Mississippi; country whites; recitation of Mrs. Brown; 1909.)

'Twas a cold winter's day about six in the mo'n,  
 That I, little innocent baby, wus bo'n.  
 There wus doctor an' nurse an' a gret many more,  
 But none of them had seen such a baby before.

Some said I wus like my Mama-a;  
 "Yes; an' there is the nose uv Papa-a.  
 With a few alterations, oh, La-a,  
 We'll make him a beautiful boy.

<sup>1</sup> Compare this *Journal*, vol. xxv, p. 12; see also Harvard College Library 25254.10.5.



"To make him a beauty," spoke out Mrs. Speer,  
"We'll be troubled unless the child has a sweet leer."

Then, to give me this leer, Mrs. Glazier arose  
And a lump of red putty stuck bang on my nose  
To make me a beautiful boy.

Oh, it made me to wink and to blink, O!  
And the ladies knew not what to think, O!  
And at last it turned into this squint, O!  
To make me a beautiful boy.

37. O MY LAURA LEE!

A.

(From North Carolina; country whites; MS. of W. Lockhart; 1905.)

There's money in my pocket;  
Don't you hear it jingle?  
I'll never marry  
As long as you stay single.

O my Laura Lee!  
O my Laura Lee!  
O my Laura Lee, girl,  
Oh, do remember me!

I've been travellin' roun' this worl';  
I've travelled with the sun;  
If I can't marry the girl I love,  
I'll never marry none.

I wish I had a ban' box  
To put my true-love in;  
I'd take her out an kiss twice  
An lay her back agin.

My rifle's on my shoulder;  
I'm bettin' on the yan;<sup>1</sup>  
I'm going to California  
To see my love agan.<sup>2</sup>

Rabbit in the lowlan',  
Playin' in the san'  
If he don't min' 'fore the sun goes down,  
I'll have him in my han'.

Hop rabbit! jump rabbit!  
Rabbit gone to mill.  
Rabbit spilt his co'n,  
Singing mountain hill.

<sup>1</sup> Dialectic form of "yon;" i.e., the things yonder.

<sup>2</sup> The next two stanzas are omitted as unprintable.

Never marry a widow,<sup>1</sup>  
 I'll tell you the reason why:  
 Her neck's so long an stringy  
 I'm afraid she'll never die.

B.

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1908.)

I wouldn't marry a pore gal,  
 I'll tell you the reason why:  
 She'd blow her nose on a cornbread crust  
 En call it punkin pie.

C.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Miss Reedy; 1909.)

I wouldn't marry a preacher,  
 I'll tell you the reason why:  
 He goes all over the country,  
 And eats all the chicken pie.

I wouldn't marry a widow,  
 I'll tell you the reason why:  
 She's got so many children,  
 They'd make the biscuits fly.

D.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Stokes; 1909.)

I wouldn't marry a yellow gal,  
 I'll tell you the reason why:  
 She's always sittin' on another man's lap  
 And telling her husband a lie.

E.

(From Kentucky; country whites; recitation of R. E. Monroe; 1913.)

I wouldn't marry a school-teacher,  
 No, not a tall.  
 Sits on a stool, and acts like a fool;  
 I won't marry her a tall.

Apples in the summer-time,  
 Peaches in the fall,  
 I wouldn't marry a school-teacher,  
 No, not a tall.

I wouldn't marry a country girl,  
 No, not a tall.  
 Sits by the road and hops like a toad;  
 I won't marry her a tall.

F.

(From Kentucky; country whites; recitation of G. Ragland; 1913.)

I wouldn't marry a country girl;  
 I'll tell you the reason why:

<sup>1</sup> A well-known sentiment (cf. this Journal, vol. xx, p. 247).

She combs her hair with a curry-comb,  
And that don't suit my eye.

I wouldn't marry a city girl;  
I'll tell you the reason why:  
Wants to spend every dollar that you get,  
And that don't suit my eye.

38. SWEET LILY.<sup>1</sup>

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; recitation of F. Le Tellier; 1913.)

My foot's in my stirrup; my bridle's in my han';  
I'm courtin' sweet Lily to marry her if I can.

The old folks don't like me; they say I'm too poor;  
They say I'm not worthy to knock at their door.

They say I drink liquor, but the money is my own,  
And those that don't like me can let me alone.

39. IDA RED.

A.

(From Kentucky; mountain whites; MS. of Mr. House; 1905.)

Ida Red, Ida Red,  
Everybody loves old Ida Red.

Went down to Ida's about half past ten;  
Took old Ida a glass of gin.

"Now, here, old Ida, drink this gin;  
And we won't be long making it up again."

I went down to Ida's about half past four;  
"Get up, old Ida, and open the door.

"Get up, old Ida, and don't be so slow;  
Give them rambling men time to go."

I went down to Ida's about half past two.  
I said to Ida, "Who's in the bed with you?

"Open the door and let me see."  
"There ain't nobody in the bed with me."

Got up and lit the lamp;  
There stood that stinking scamp.

Buy me a horse and make me a sled,  
And I'll go home with Ida Red.

Ain't but one thing I do hate:  
Went down to Ida's and stayed too late.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Lomax gives a version of this in *Cowboy Songs*. This is sung to music modified from that of "The Pretty Mohee."

## B.

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from singing of a mountain boy; 1908.)

See me stan'in' there shakin' my head;  
 See me study 'bout Ida Red.

Make me a sled en buy me a mule;  
 Take little Ida to Sunday school.

Ida Red she ain't no fool;  
 She's got a head like a Texas mule.

Shanghai rooster got no comb;  
 Pore little Ida got no home.

40. FRANKY.<sup>1</sup>

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of F. R. Rubel; 1909.)

Franky went down the bayou;  
 Franky heard a bull-dog bark;  
 Franky said, "That's Albert  
 Hiding in the dark,  
 For he's my man; but he's done me wrong."

Franky went down a dark alley;  
 Heard a bull-dog bark:  
 And there lay her Albert,  
 Shot right through the heart.  
 "Oh, he's my man; but he's done me wrong."

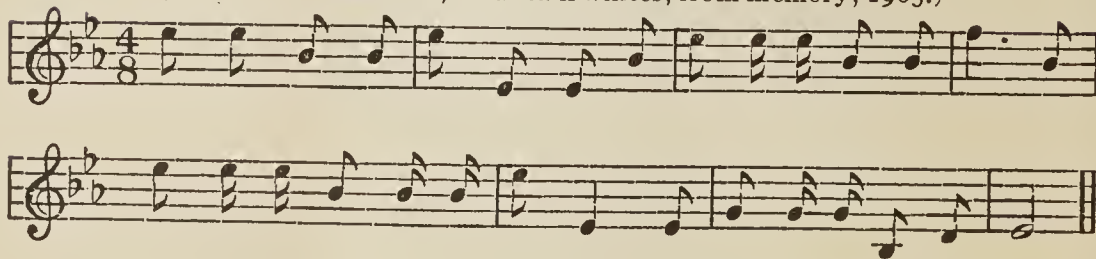
Franky went on the witness stand;  
 The judge says, "Don't tell me no lie;  
 When you shot poor Albert,  
 Did you intend for him to die?  
 Oh, he's your man; but he's done you wrong."

Oh, rubber tire buggy,<sup>2</sup>  
 Rubber tire hack,  
 Took poor Albert to the cemetery,  
 But it never is brought him back.  
 "Oh, he's my man; but he's dead and gone."

41. LIZA JANE.<sup>3</sup>

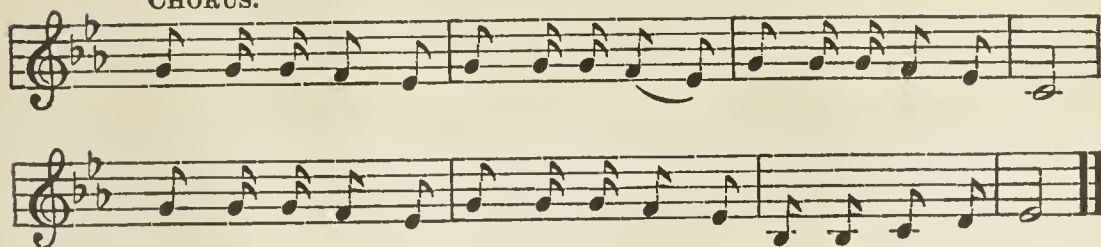
## A.

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905.)

<sup>1</sup> An indigenous ballad that has many of the finer qualities of the older compositions.<sup>2</sup> Compare this *Journal*, vol. xxiv, pp. 289, 354, 367.<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, vol. iii, p. 290; vol. vi, pp. 131, 134.



## CHORUS.

*Chorus.*

Pore little Liza, pore little gal!  
 Pore little Liza Jane!  
 Pore little Liza, pore little gal!  
 She died on the train.

## B.

(From Kentucky; mountain whites; MS. of Mr. House; 1905.)

Go up on the mountain top  
 To plant me a patch of cane  
 To make me a barrel of molasses  
 To sweeten up Lizie Jane.

Standing on the platform,  
 Waiting for the train;  
 "Get your old black bonnet,  
 And let's go, Lizie Jane."

The hardest work that I ever done  
 Was breaking on the train;  
 The easiest work that I ever done  
 Was hugging Lizie Jane.

Her nose just like an old coffee pot;  
 Mouth just like a spout;  
 Eyes just like an old fireplace  
 With the ashes all took out.

My girl's name is Lizie;  
 Her hair is very brown;  
 Face just like a thundercloud,  
 And the rain come pouring down.

## C.

(From Indiana; country whites; MS. of Mr. Davidson; 1908.)

Hoop-pole, Liza Jane,  
 Hoop-pole, Liza Jane.  
 Hoop-pole Liza, poly gal,  
 And she rides on a train.

## D.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)

You go down the new cut road,  
 And I'll go down the lane;

If you get there before I do,  
Oh, tell Miss Lizer Jane.

E.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Mr. Aldrich; 1909.)

You ride the old gray mare,  
And I'll ride the mulie;  
You go round by the new cut road,  
And I'll go home with Julie.

F.

(From Mississippi; country whites; recitation of Mrs. Brown; 1909.)

She went up the new cut road,  
An' I went down the lane;  
I turned my head to my ol' gray hoss,  
"So good-by, Liza Jane!"

I axed her wouldn't she marry me;  
She axed me wasn't I 'shamed;  
I turned my head to my old gray horse,  
"So good-by, Liza Jane!"

G.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Harrison; 1909.)

Your face looks like the coffee pot;  
Your nose looks like the spout;  
Your mouth looks like the fireplace  
With the ashes done raked out.

H.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Upshur; 1909.)

Whoa, mule! whoa, mule!  
Whoa, mule! I say!  
Keep yo seat Miss Liza Jane,  
And hole on to de sleigh.

Keep yo seat, Miss Liza Jane,  
An' quit dat actin' de fool;  
I ain't got time ter kiss you now;  
I'm busy wid dis mule.

#### 42. CRIPPLE CREEK.<sup>1</sup>

A.

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1909.)

Goin' ter Cripple Creek, goin' ter Rome [roam?]  
Goin' ter Cripple Creek, goin' back home.

See them women layin' in the shade,  
Waitin' fer the money them men have made.

<sup>1</sup> A well-known mining district in Virginia.

Roll my breeches ter my knees  
En wade ol' Cripple Creek when I please.

B.

(From South Carolina; country whites; MS. of Mr. Bryan; 1909.)

Goin' to Cripple Creek, going in a run;  
Goin' to Cripple Creek to have my fun.

43. HOW ARE YOU OFF FOR GREENBACK?

A.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Mr. Bell; 1909.)

I'm not as green as a greenback,  
Although you take me to be;  
That young man from New Orleans  
Can't get away with me.

Oh, how're you off for greenback?  
How're you off, I say?  
How're you off for greenback?  
And give it all away.

I went down to New Orleans  
The other afternoon;  
I saw that . . . that house  
Running after the moon.

B.

(From Mississippi; country whites; recitation of Mr. Longest; 1909.)

It's beefsteak whin I'm hungry,  
An' whiskey whin I'm dry;  
It's greenback whin I'm ha'd up,  
An' heaven whin I die.

Oh, hie you<sup>1</sup> off fuh greenback? etc.

C.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of W. G. Pitts; 1909.)

Up and down the railroad,  
Cross the county line;  
Pretty girls are plentiful;  
A wife is hard to find.

Carried my girl in the parlor;  
Said she would be mine;  
Put my arm around her;  
Give her a Yankee dime.

Ask her would she marry me;  
What you reckon she said?  
Said she wouldn't have me  
If all the rest were dead.

<sup>1</sup> A frequent contraction for "How are you?"

Cornbread when I'm hungry;  
 Whiskey when I'm dry;  
 Pretty girl when I marry;  
 Heaven when I die.

D.

(From Missouri; cowboys; MS. of Frederick Braun; 1905.)

Oh, it's beefsteak when I'm hungry,  
 And it's whiskey when I'm dry;  
 If a tree don't fall on me,  
 I'll live till I die.

#### 44. SHADY GROVE.<sup>1</sup>

A.

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905.)

Once I was a little boy<sup>2</sup>  
 Playin' in the san';  
 Now I am a great big boy  
 En think myself a man.

Shady, shady, my little love,  
 Shady I do know;  
 Shady, shady, my little love,  
 I'm boun' fer shady grove.

When I was a little boy,  
 All I wanted a knife;  
 Now I am a gret big boy  
 En now I want a wife.

Some come here to fiddle en dance;  
 Some come here to tarry;  
 Some come here to fiddle en dance;  
 I come here to marry.

Ev'ry night when I go home,  
 My wife I try to please her;  
 The more I try, the worse she gets;  
 Damned if I don't leave her!

B.

(From Kentucky; mountain whites; MS. of Mr. House; 1905.)

Shady grove, my little love,  
 Shady grove, my darling;

<sup>1</sup> This is sung to the same tune as "Old Joe Clark." Whether the tune belongs to the one or the other, or to neither, I am unable to say. I should like to remark here, what I have not seen stated anywhere else, that the small number of tunes as compared with the songs in circulation may often account for the mixing of ballads. I am sure that it has been only with the greatest difficulty that I have been able to separate some of the songs in this collection from others sung to the same tune, and I am not sure now that I have not put some stanzas in the wrong songs.

<sup>2</sup> A good starting-point for a song (cf. Chambers, p. 155).



Shady grove, my little love,  
Going back to Harlan.<sup>1</sup>

Fly around, my blue-eyed girl,  
Fly around, my daisy;  
Fly around, my blue-eyed girl;  
Nearly drive me crazy.<sup>2</sup>

The very next time I go that road,  
And it don't look so dark and grazzy;<sup>3</sup>  
The very next time I come that road,  
Stop and see my daisy.

I once had a mulie cow,<sup>4</sup>  
Mulie when she was born;  
Took a jay-bird forty year  
To fly from horn to horn.

Apples in the summer,  
Peaches in the fall;  
If I can't marry the girl I want,  
I won't have none at all.

45. SALLY ANN.

(From Kentucky; country whites; recitation of R. E. Monroe; 1913.)

I went to see my Sally Ann; she met me at the door,—  
Shoes an' stockin's in her han', an' her feet all over the floor.

I ast her if she loved me;  
She said she felt above me;  
Out the door she shoved me—  
I won't go there any more.

46. SIXTEEN MILES AWAY FROM HOME.

(From Kentucky; country whites; recitation of Miss A. Howard; 1912.)

Sixteen miles away fum home, chickens crowin' fuh day,  
Somebody talkin' tuh my sweetheart, en they'd bettuh be gettin' away.

47. THAT BRAND NEW DRESS.

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; singing of F. Le Tellier; 1912.)

"Oh, where did yer get thet bran' new dress,  
En the shoes thet look so fine?"  
"I got my dress from a railroad-man,  
En my shoes from a driver in the mine."<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A county in eastern Kentucky.

<sup>2</sup> With this stanza compare this Journal, vol. vi, p. 134.

<sup>3</sup> I have been unable to identify this word.

<sup>4</sup> One having no horns.

<sup>5</sup> The conversation is of course addressed to a woman who is obliged to depend for personal needs upon more than one source of supply.

## 48. PORE GAL!

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; singing of F. Le Tellier; 1912.)

Wear brass buttons on the old blue clothes,  
 En have ter go ter work when the whistle blows,  
 Pore gal, pore gal!<sup>1</sup>

## 49. HOP LIGHT, LADIES.

(A.—From Virginia; country whites; from memory; 1909.)

Hop light, ladies, on the ballroom floor;<sup>2</sup>  
 Never mind the weather, so the wind don't blow!

Hop light, ladies, on the ballroom floor;  
 Never mind the legs, so the garters don't show!

(B.—From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)

Hop light, ladies, yer cake's all dough;  
 Never mind the weather so the wind don't blow.

## 50. WHEN I WAS A LITTLE BOY.

(From Indiana; country whites; MS. of Mr. Davidson; 1908.)

When I was a little boy,  
 Mother kept me in;  
 Now I am a big boy  
 Fit to serve a king.  
 I can handle a musket;  
 I can smoke a pipe;  
 I can kiss a pretty girl  
 Ten o'clock at night.<sup>3</sup>

When I was a little girl,  
 Mother kept me in;  
 Now I am a big girl,  
 She can't do it agin.  
 I can wash the dishes;  
 I can sweep the floor;  
 I can court a pretty boy  
 Till ten o'clock or more.

51. IF YOU DON'T QUIT A-FOOLIN' WITH MY DONNY.<sup>4</sup>

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905.)

If yer don't quit a-foolin' with my donny,  
 I'll tell yer just whut I'll do;  
 I'll finger roun' yer heart with a razor,  
 En I'll cut yer goozle in two.

<sup>1</sup> One stanza of a song representing the shift to the manufacturing stage of life, — a shift rapidly taking place now in many Southern States.

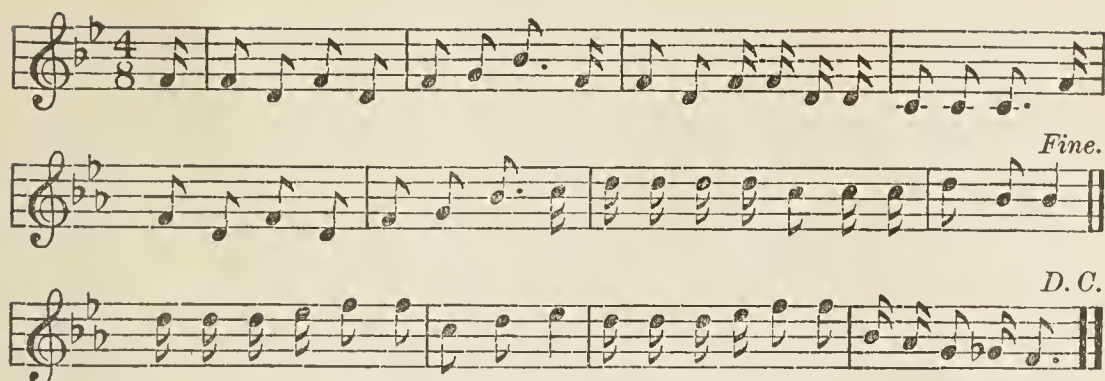
<sup>2</sup> Pronounced "flo" by many Virginians.

<sup>3</sup> For this stanza compare Halliwell, Nos. ccxliv and ccli.

<sup>4</sup> Regular word for sweetheart (cf. *Dialect Notes*, vol. iii, p. 306).

52. I LOVE SOMEBODY.<sup>1</sup>

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905.)



I love somebody; yes, I do;  
'Tween sixteen en twenty-two,  
Pretty little girl, en I wont tell who.

53. THE MOON SHINES BRIGHT.<sup>2</sup>

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905.)

"The moon shines bright;  
Ken I see you home to-night?"

"The stars do too;  
I don't keer if yer do."

54. NEW MOON, TRUE MOON.<sup>3</sup>

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905.)

New moon, true moon,  
The first I've seen to-night,  
I wish I may, I wish I might,  
See my truelove in my dream to-night.

55. IF YOU LOVE ME.

A.

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905.)

Ef you love me like I love you,  
There'll be a little weddin' in a day er two.<sup>4</sup>

B.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Mr. Harrison; 1909.)

If you love me like I love you,  
No knife can cut our love in two.

<sup>1</sup> Sung to the music of a favorite dance-tune.

<sup>2</sup> A formula used by the boy in asking permission to go home with a girl from "meetin'."

<sup>3</sup> An incantation used when one sees the new moon (cf. Chambers, p. 343; and this Journal, vol. ii, p. 148).

<sup>4</sup> A fair sample of the love verses exchanged by the older "scholars" of the day-school.

## C.

(From Virginia; negroes; from memory; 1914.)

Ef you love me like I love you,  
No axe ken cut our love in two.

## 56. BLUE IS THE VIOLET.

## A.

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1910.)

Blue is the violet,  
En red is the rose,  
En how I love the pretty girls  
God-a'-mighty knows.

57. OVER THE HILL.<sup>1</sup>

(From Virginia; country whites; from memory; 1910.)

Ovuh the hill an daown the holluh  
S'lute yuh bride an' gimme a dolluh.

58. I LOVE COFFEE.<sup>2</sup>

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Miss Reedy; 1909.)

I love coffee; I love tea;  
I love the girls and the girls love me.

## 59. SWEETHEART, LIGHT OF MY LIFE.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of W. G. Pitts; 1909.)

Sweetheart, light of my life,  
If only you could be my wife!  
And for thee I pine  
And think of thee all the time.

<sup>1</sup> A formula used by the "marryin' squire." This official sometimes makes a business of marrying run-away couples. These promoters of the public weal not only keep on the lookout for couples contemplating marriage, but even sometimes employ agents in public places to suggest the important step to any who may appear eligible. Couples with no other objective than that of a holiday trip are said frequently to find it embarrassing to alight from a train or boat in such towns as Jeffersonville, Ind. So much of a nuisance has magisterial solicitation become in some places, that legislation has been directed against it. Such magistrates, sometimes, also keep a waiting-list of eligibles for the inspection of those in search of a mate. The ceremony used by the "marryin' squire" is often of the briefest, — the two essential questions, and the declaration that the two are man and wife. An example of a minister of the gospel who has entered the same field of activity may be seen in Parson Burroughs of Bristol, Va.-Tenn., to whom couples come from both sides of the State line. He is said to meet every train, at the same time providing everything necessary, — from umbrellas to shelter the party from inclement weather, to the witnesses for the ceremony. In the mountains the run-away marriage is considered the proper form, the home or church wedding being practically unknown.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Halliwell, No. cxxii.



60. I LIKE NOBODY.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Bell; 1909.)

I like nobody, nobody likes me,  
But I'm as happy as I can be;  
I'm going to live single, always be free,  
Because I like nobody, and nobody likes me.

61. WHEN I WAS SINGLE.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Mr. Aldrich; 1909.)

When I was single, my pocket would jingle;  
But now I am double, and I have a lot of trouble.

62. LUCY NEAL.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)

Way down in Alabama,  
'Twas just above Mobile,  
'Twas there I spied that creole girl;  
Her name was Lucy Neal.

O Lucy Neal! O Lucy Neal!  
If I had you by my side, how happy I would feel!

63. WHOLE HEAP U' NICKELS.<sup>1</sup>

(From East Tennessee; country whites; from memory; 1909.)

Whole heap u' nick'ls en a whole heap u' dimes;  
Go to see my Loo-loo gal a whole heap u' times.

64. THE ROAD IS WIDE.

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1908.)

The road is wide en I can't step it;  
I love you en I can't he'p it.

65. COFFEE GROWS ON WHITE-OAK TREES.<sup>2</sup>

(From Virginia; country whites; singing of Miss N. B. Graham; 1912.)

Coffee grows on white-oak trees;  
Rivers all flow with brandy;  
Rocks all shine with a glittering gold,  
And the girls as sweet as candy.

66. WHO'S BEEN A-FOOLIN'?

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)

Honey, when I had you, you wouldn't do;  
Got another woman an' I don't want you.  
Ain't no use uv raisin' san';  
I kin git another woman 'fore you can a man.

<sup>1</sup> Compare this Journal, vol. xxii, p. 248.

<sup>2</sup> For another version from North Carolina compare this Journal, vol. vi, p. 134.

Who's been a-foolin', who's been a-tryin',  
Who's been a-foolin' that gal o' mine?

I wouldn't mind it, I wouldn't care,  
But you've been a-pullin' back all the year.  
Every time I come it's a nickel an' er dime;  
Would give you some, but I ain't got time.

#### 67. PURTY YALLER GAL.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)

Purty yaller gal had er hole in her stockin',  
Er hole in her stockin', er hole in her stockin',  
Purty yaller gal had er hole in her stockin',  
An' her heel stuck out behind.

#### 68. WAY DOWN YANDER.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)

Way down yander whar I come fum,  
De gals all call me sugar plum.

#### 69. OLE SUKEY.

(From Virginia; negroes; recitation of Mrs. Longest;<sup>1</sup> 1909.)

Ole Sukey she fell in love wid me;  
She axed me home to take tea.  
An' whut do yuh think she had fuh supper!  
Chicgn-foot, spa-uh-grass, hominy, an' butter.

Clare out de kitchen, ole folks, young folks! (*twice*)  
Ole Ferginia nebber tire.

#### 70. A SCOLDIN' WIFE.<sup>2</sup>

(From Mississippi; negroes; recitation of C. Brown; 1909.)

If I should marry a scoldin' wife,  
I'd beat huh, sho's yuh bo'n;  
I'd take huh down tuh New Orleans,  
An' trade huh off fuh co'n.

#### 71. ALLIE BELL.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of F. R. Rubel; 1909.)

Allie Bell, don't you weep,  
Allie Bell, don't you moan,  
Allie Bell, don't you leave your home.

You understand my gal  
Standing in the door;  
Her shoes and stockings in her hand  
And her feet all over the floor.

<sup>1</sup> Reported also from Kentucky by Miss Mary Kahn, 1913.

<sup>2</sup> See "Lucy Long," in Harvard College Library 25242.10.5.

72. SOME OF THESE DAYS.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of F. R. Rubel; 1909.)

Some of these days I'm going to go crazy,  
Take my gun and shoot my baby.  
Nobody's business but my own.  
Hush, my little baby! just listen to my song.  
Who's going to be your baby when I'm dead and gone?  
  
Just put your arms around me,  
Lay your head upon my breast,  
And when I'm gone just sing this song,  
"There's a bullet gone to rest."

73. JIMMY WHIPPED POOR MARY.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of F. R. Rubel; 1909.)

Jimmy whipped poor Mary  
With a singletree,  
And she cried, "Lord have mercy!  
Don't murder me!"

74. MY HEART AM SO SAD.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Harrison; 1909.)

I'm going in de house and close my door,  
For my heart am so sad;  
'Cause my Roberta won't write no more;  
Oh, my heart am so sad!

75. OH, WHERE WAS YOU?

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)

Oh, where was you when de steamer went down, Captain? (*thrice*).  
I was wid my honey in de heart o' town, O Captain!

76. DONE ALL I CAN DO.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of W. G. Pitts; 1909.)

Done all I can do  
Trying to get along wid you;  
Gwine to carry you to your mammy pay day.

77. TREAT ME RIGHT.

(From Mississippi; negroes; 1909.)

The time is coming and it won't be long,  
You'll get up some morning, and you'll find me gone.  
So treat me right and jolly me along  
If you want this nigger to sing the old home song.

78. RARE BACK SAM.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Anderson; 1909.)

Rare back, Sam! stand back, Davis!  
As soon kiss a monkey as a poor white man.

## 79. RAIN, COME WET ME.

(From Virginia; negroes; from memory; 1909.)

Rain, come wet me! Sun, come dry me!  
Gal got honey, an' she won't come nigh me.

## 80. BROWN SKIN GAL.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Aldrich; 1909.)

I laid in jail, back to the wall;  
Brown skin gal cause of it all.

I've got the blues; I'm too damn mean to talk.  
A brown skin woman make a bull-dog break his chain.

## 81. COTTONEYE JOE.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)

Ef it hadn't been fer dat Cottoneye Joe,  
Mought er been married six er seven year ago.

## 82. EVERY TIME THE SUN GOES DOWN.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)

Every time the sun goes down  
I hangs my head in grief.

Dat day I lef my father's house,  
Dat day I lef my frien'.

I fare you well, my own true love,  
Dey's plenty mo' girls den you.

## 83. YOU GO OUT.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of F. R. Rubel; 1909.)

You go out and you don't come back,  
Glory halleluger!

I'll take a stick and break your back,  
[Glory halleluger!]

You go out of here, you flopheaded hound;  
I'll take a stick and knock you down,  
Glory halleluger!

## 84. LOVE IT AM A KILLING THING.

(From Virginia; negroes; from memory; 1912.)

Love it am a killin' thing, beauty am a blossom;  
Ef yuh want tuh get yuh finger bit, poke it at a 'possum.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

















